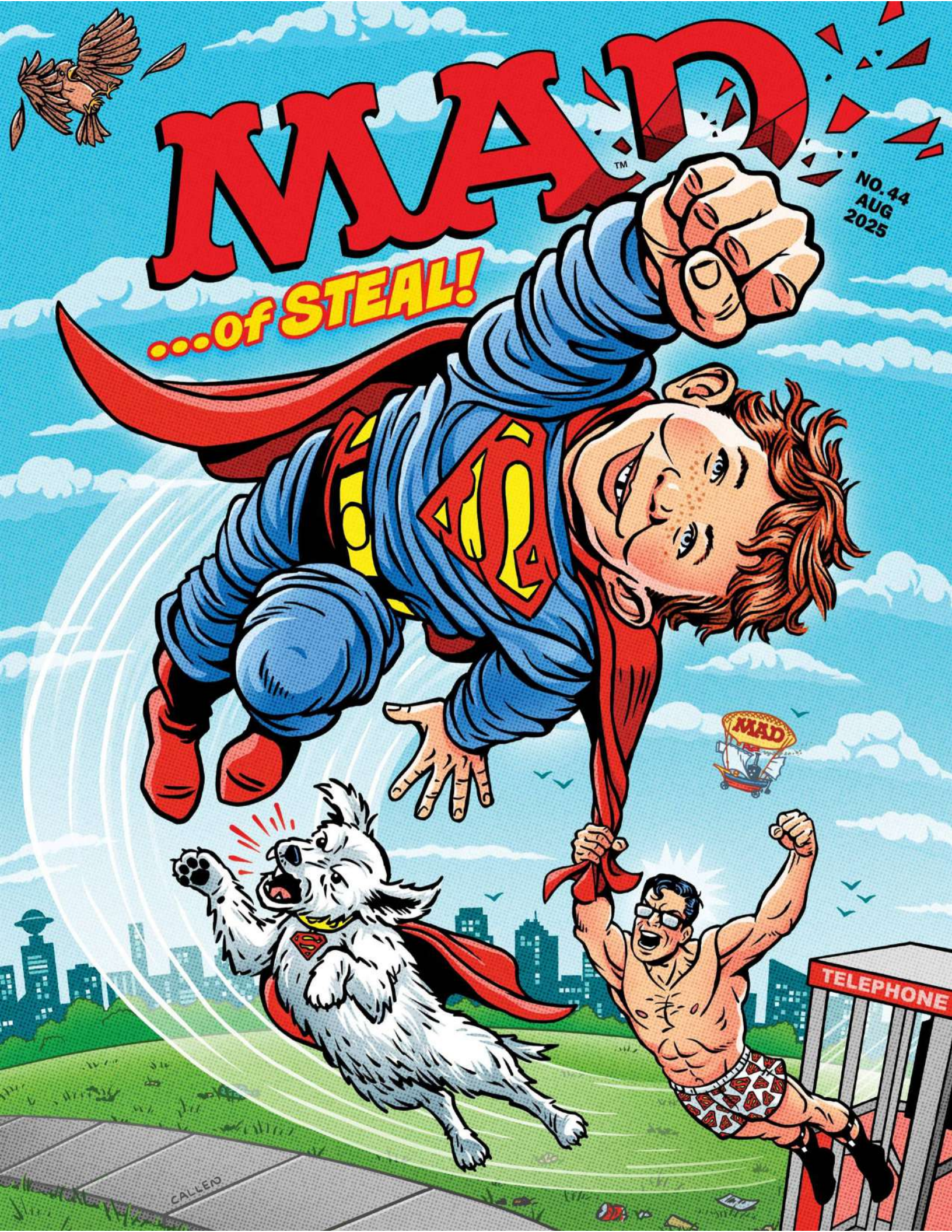
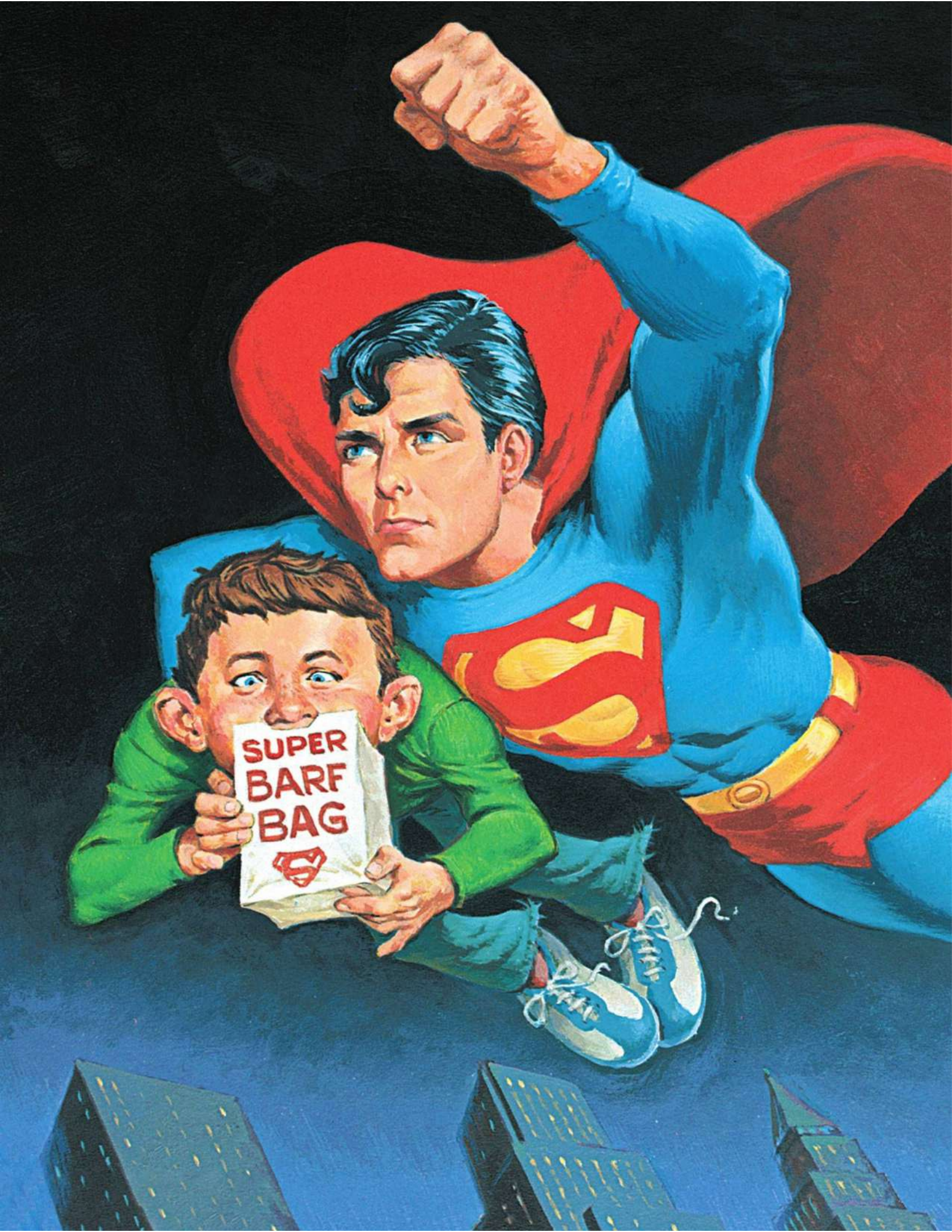


MAD

...of STEAL!

NO. 44
AUG
2025





MAD

NO. 44

AUGUST 2025

WILLIAM M. GAINES FOUNDER

SUZY HUTCHINSON ART DIRECTOR

BERN MENDOZA ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR

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- 
- 02** Spy Vs. Spy
04 One Afternoon in Metropolis, MAD #208, Jul 1979
05 A "Comics" Scene We'd Like to See, MAD #103, Jun 1966
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56 Fake and Bake Dept. Sugar & MADness

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS & WRITERS The Usual Gang of Idiots

EDITORIAL CONSULTANT Paula Sevenbergen

INSIDE BACK COVER A MAD Fold-In by Johnny Sampson

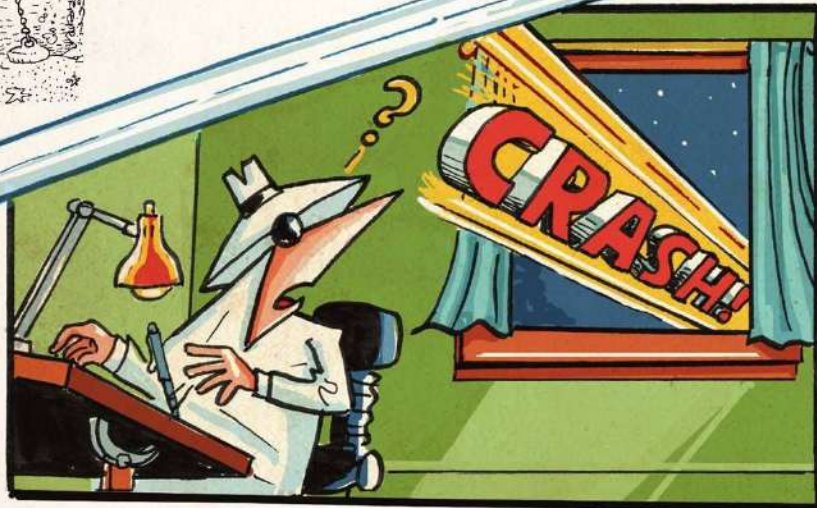
VARIOUS PLACES Drawn Out Dramas by Sergio Aragonés

COVER ARTIST Kerry Callen

The vintage MAD pieces reprinted in this issue were produced in a time that was less mindful and sensitive to matters of race, gender, sexual identity, religion, and food allergies. The text of these articles is presented mostly unaltered (and with crossed fingers) for historical reference.



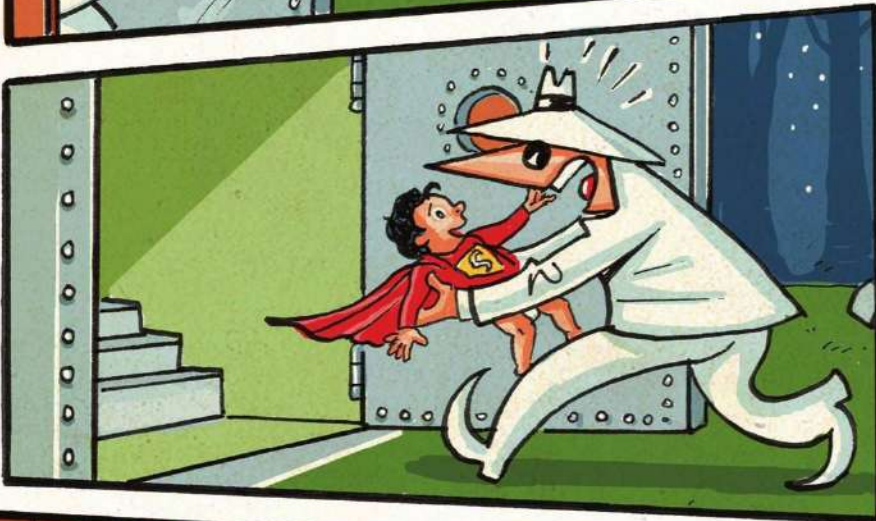
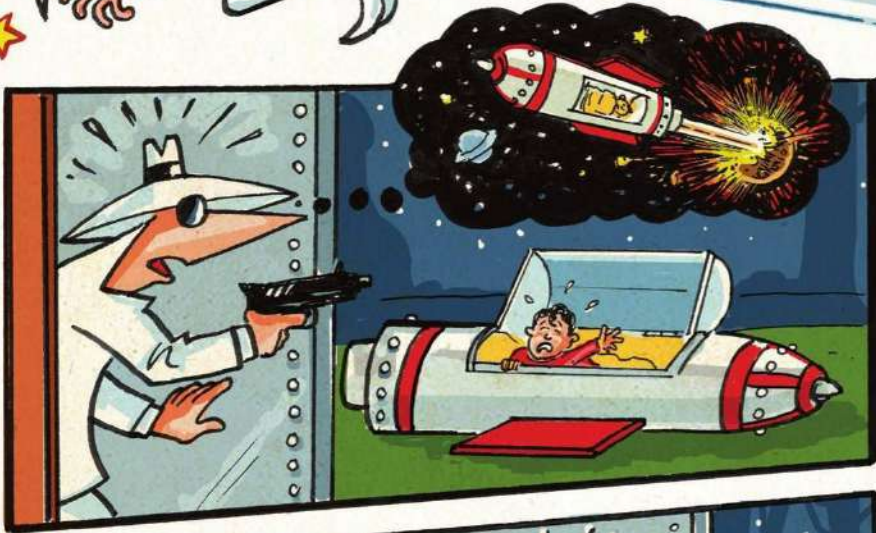
SPY



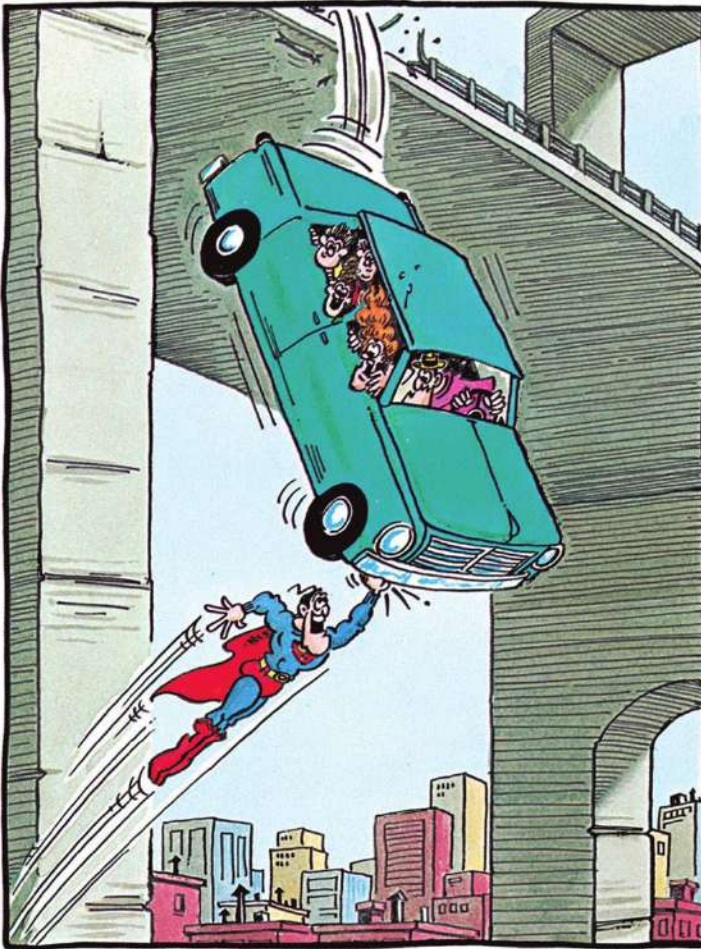
SPY



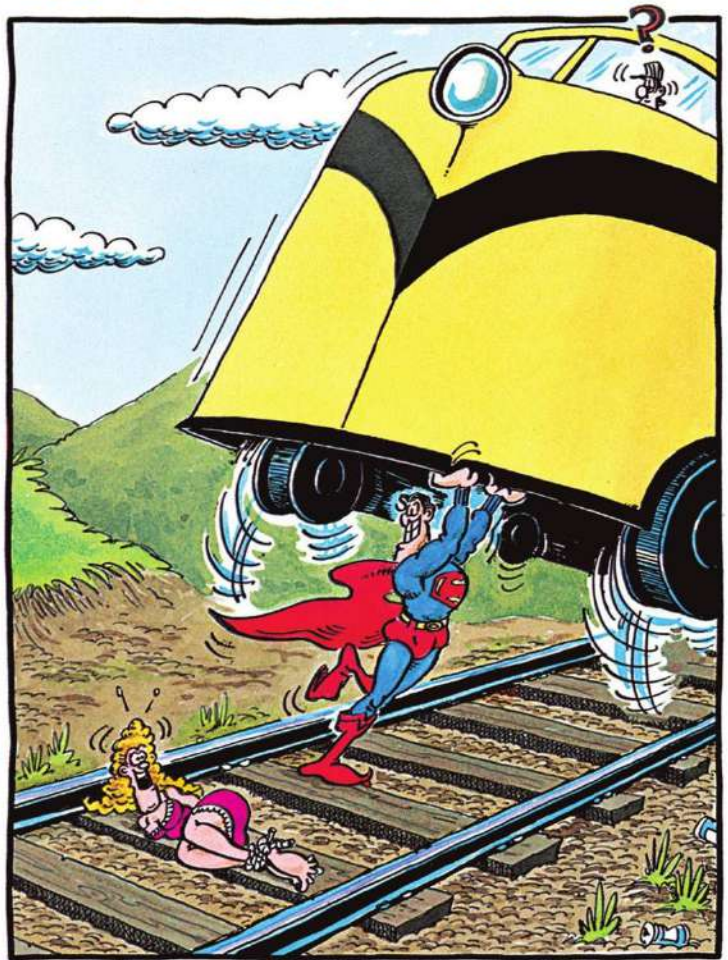
KUPER



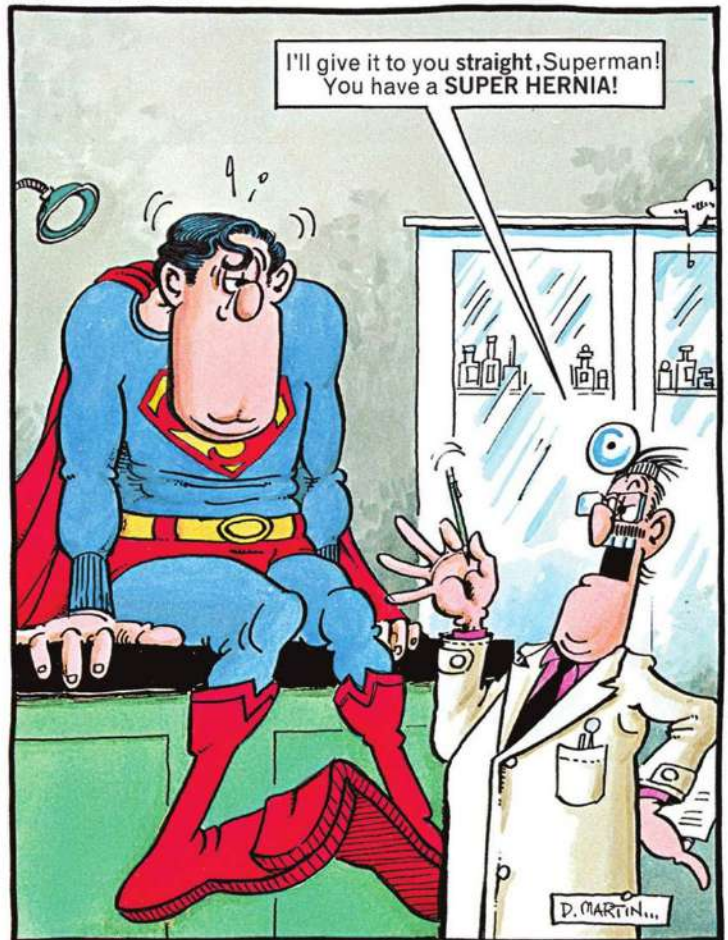
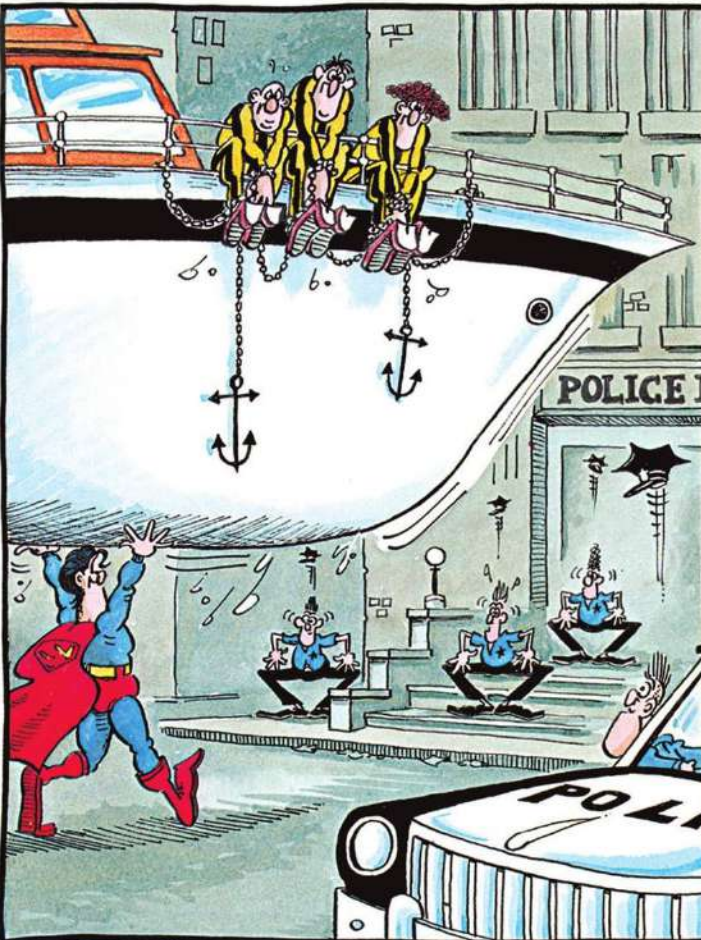
ONE AFTERNOON IN METROPOLIS



WRITER **DUCK EDWING**



ARTIST **DON MARTIN**





BETTER SAFE THAN SORRY DEPT.

A "COMICS" SCENE WE'D LIKE TO SEE



WRITER DON "DUCK" EDWING ARTIST GEORGE WOODBRIDGE COLORIST NATHAN KANE



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #103, JUN 1966



G. WOODBRIDGE



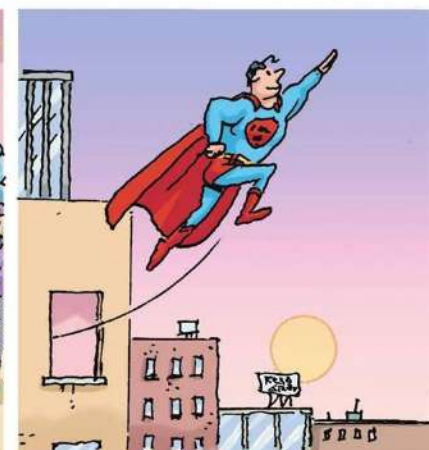
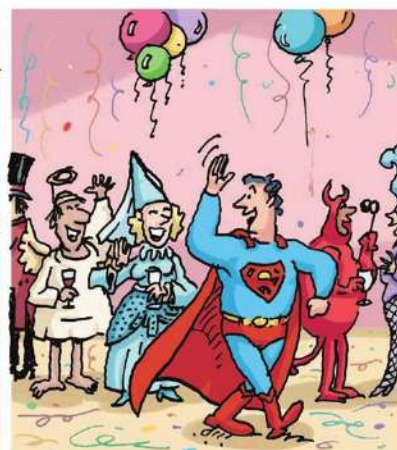
SERGIO ARAGONE
PRESENTS

A MAD LOOK AT



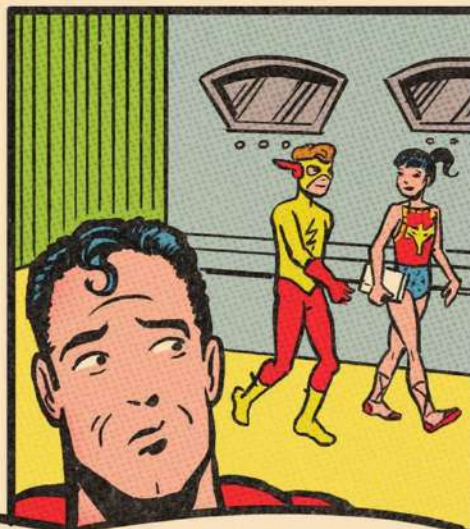


WRITER & ARTIST **SERGIO ARAGONÉS** COLORIST **CARRIE STRACHAN**

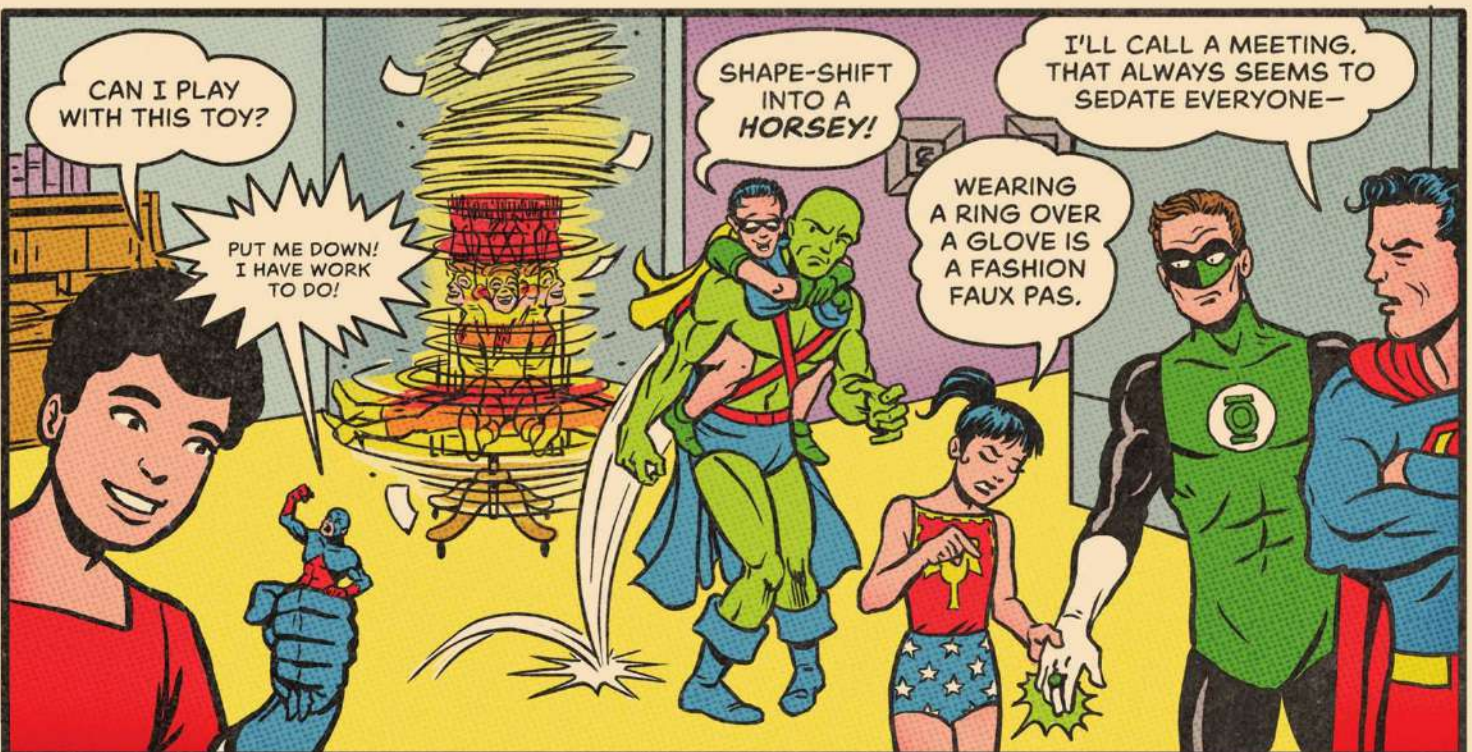




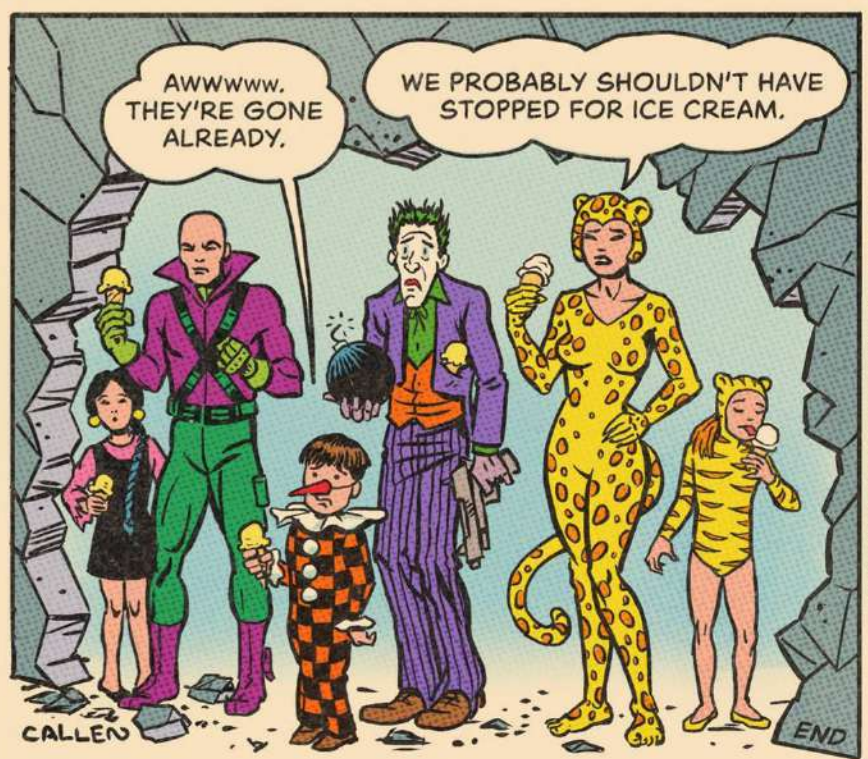
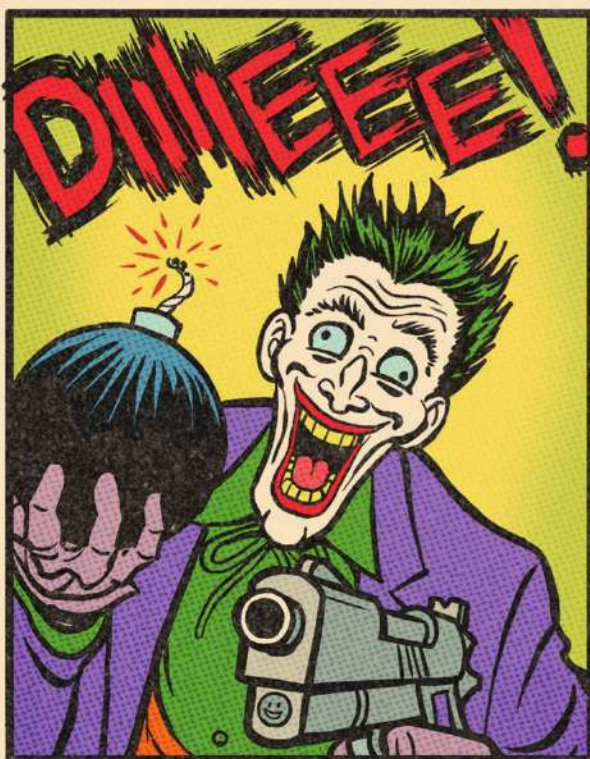
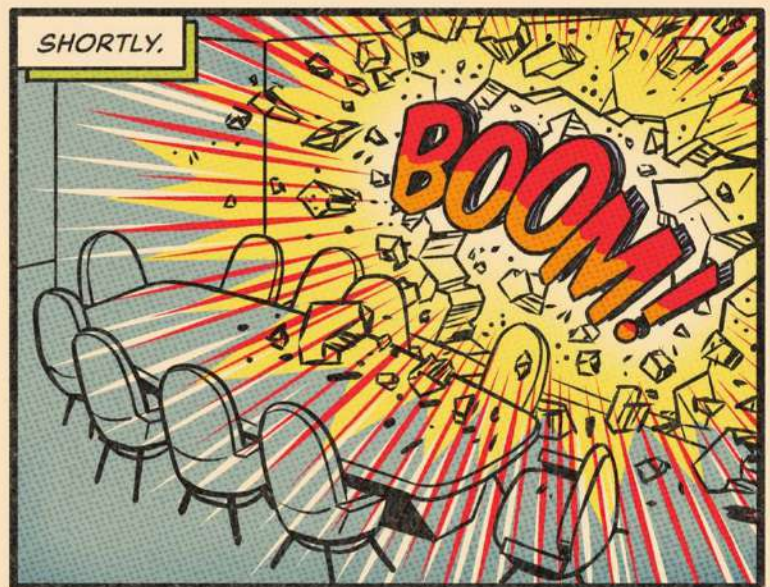
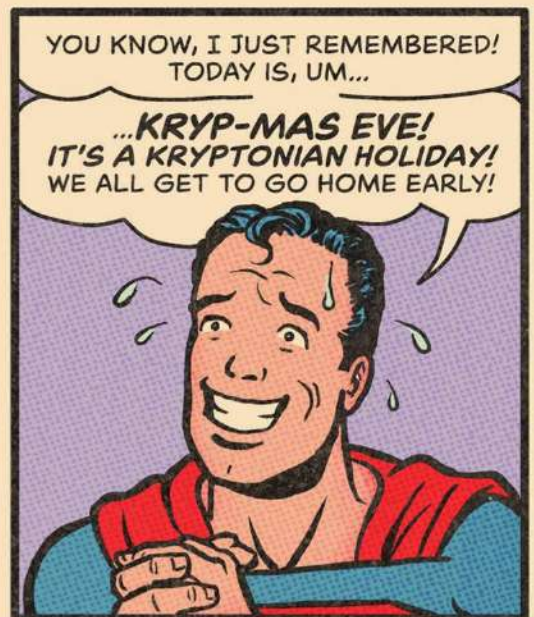




IT'S BRING YOUR **SIDEKICK** TO WORK DAY!

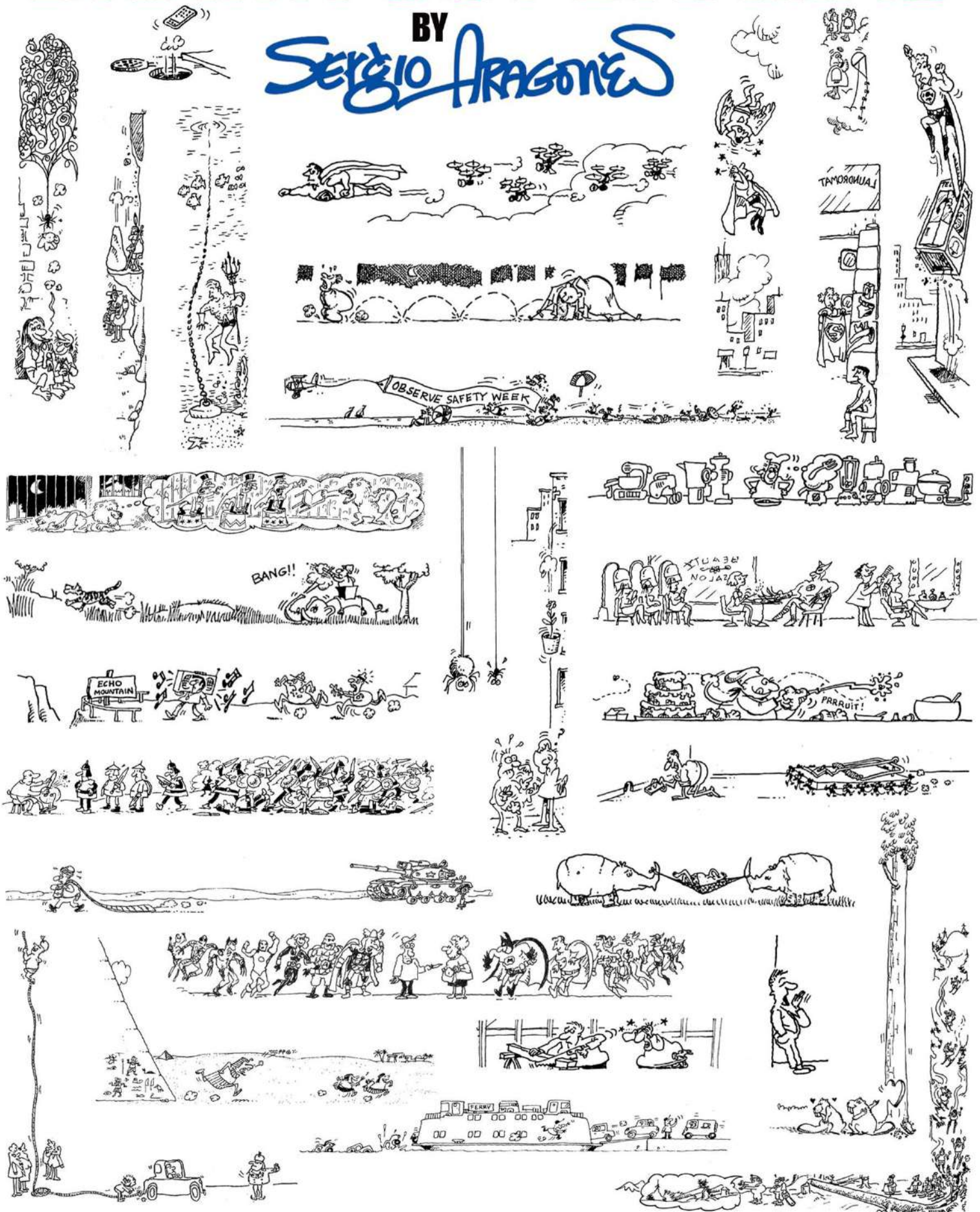






DRAWN OUT DRAMAS

BY
SERGIO ARAGONÉS





SUPER MARKETING DEPT.

He started out in the Thirties as a comic book hero. Then, he became the star of a movie serial, a radio show, a television series, a Broadway musical, and now...at last...he's the star of a multi-million dollar full-length feature motion picture! Look...up in the sky! It's a gold mine! It's a bonanza! It's...

SUPER

Prisoners of the planet, Krapton—do you have anything to say before we pass sentence...?

You don't frighten us! We're going to beat this rap!

You are each hereby sentenced to 453 years at hard labor!

Hear that?! I told you we'd beat the rap! I thought we'd get "Life" for sure!!

Fellow Council members, stop what you're doing! I have something of vital importance to say!

Attention! Jaw-Wel, the sage of Krapton, is about to speak...!

What does the huge "S" on his shirt stand for?

It stands for many things... "Smartness," "Sobriety," "Sanity"...

Our planet is doomed! We will all be destroyed in 24 hours!

...and also "SCHMUCK"!



Come on!! Buzz off with your Doomsday talk, Jaw-Wel!

No...! We must listen to what he says!

Not ME!! What could his words be worth?!

Let's see... he's getting \$3 million for 15 minutes work on this film! I would say about \$20,000 a word!

I'll listen! I'LL LISTEN!

This planet mustn't die! Ours is the most advanced civilization in the Galaxy!

You call THAT the products of an advanced civilization?!

You mean somebody ELSE has invented the hula hoop?

Not only that, but you know those "Davy Crockett" hats we're working on...



DUPERMAN



Our planet will be destroyed any minute now, Lurer! So we must save our Son! I'm wrapping him in crystal, and sending him off to Earth! He must land safely and, above all, he must not attract attention!

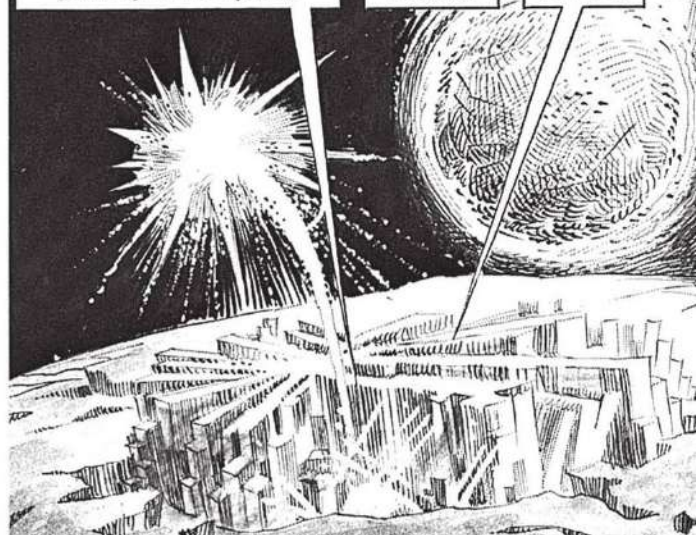
You're sending him there in a CHANDELIER, and you don't want him to attract attention?!!

I'm aiming him for the ceiling of the Radio City Music Hall! It's a million-to-one shot... but it just might work!

Farewell, my Son! May the gods be with you! Use your incredible strength and wisdom for the good of all humanity, and keep warm in your crystal baby bunting, your crystal booties and your crystal Pampers!!

Lurer, he's going to have an adventure you won't believe!

He's going to have a DIAPER RASH you won't believe!



WRITER LARRY SIEGEL ARTIST MORT DRUCKER

As soon as I fix this flat, Maw, we'll take off for town and... Well, I'LL BE!!

Look... up in the sky! It's a bird!

It's a plane!

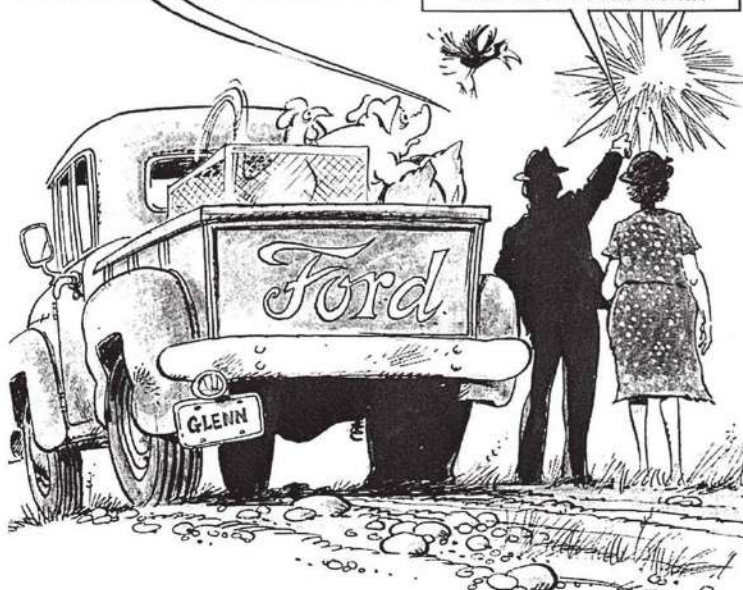
It's a... CHANDELIER?!!

Seems to be a SLOGAN in there somewhere, Paw... but I think the PUNCH-LINE still needs work!!

Look, Paw!! The thing has landed, and a tiny creature is getting out! You can see he's not one of us, and he's got a strange look in his eyes! Like he's ready to take over the WHOLE WORLD!

My God! It's a naked invader!

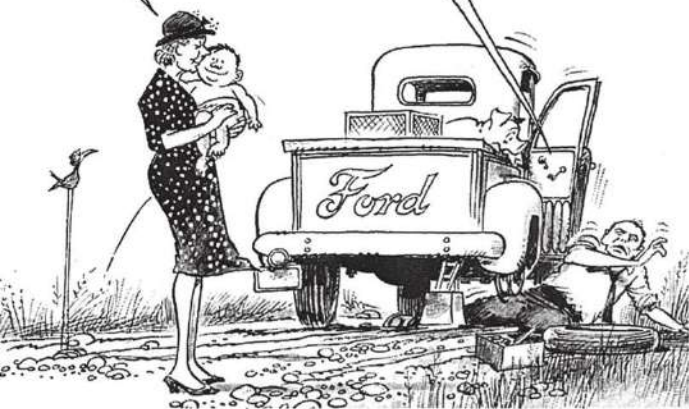
No, you dummy! It's only a little baby!!



Aw, Paw!
Ain't he
the cutest
little
thing?!?

He sure is! Gi'me a minute to finish
fixing this flat, and we'll be on our—

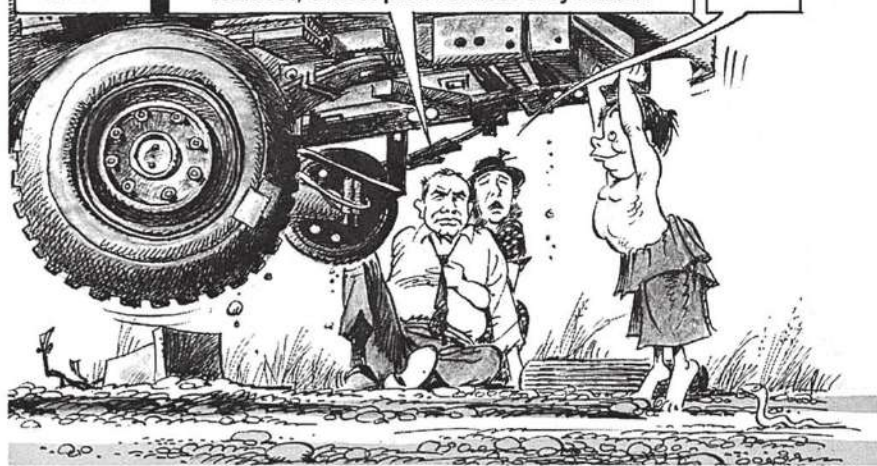
Good Lord!! The JACK is slipping! Maw!!
Help me! I'm gonna be crushed to death!!



Paw, look
what he's
doing! Can
we adopt
him?!?

We sure can! Now why don't we go into town,
and by him some formula and a Teddy Bear—
then sell our horse and ox and find us the
teeniest, tiniest plow harness they make?!

Paw
Kennt!
You're
all
heart!



What
will
we
call
our
new
Son,
Paw?

I figured
we'd name
him after
someone
who's very
near and
dear to us!

You mean our
prize CHICKEN?

Who else?! The
name shore has
a nice ring to
it, don't it?
CLUCK KENNT!!



'Bye Mom
and Dad!
Sorry I
had to
eat and
fly ...
but I'm
late for
school!

Cluck has shore
grown into a
fine young man,
huh Paw! You
think his class-
mates find it
strange ... the
way he goes
to school ... ?

You kidding? You
see what kids are
smoking nowadays?
They all go that
way! I hear the
Senior Class had
twelve mid-air
collisions last
week alone!



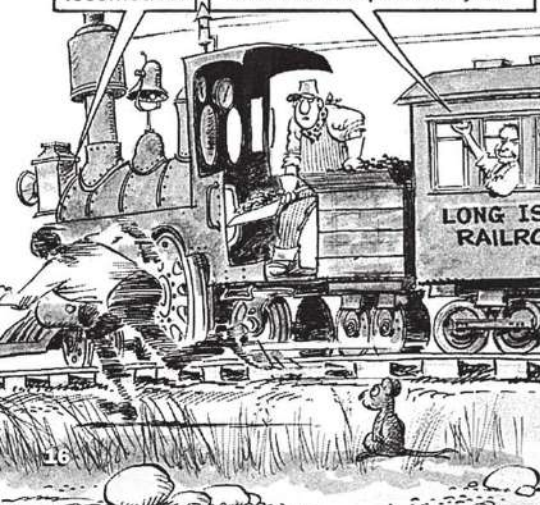
How
far did
I kick
the ball,
Dad?

Nine and a half miles,
Son! But that was
WITH the WIND! Keep
working on it! You'll
do a lot better!



Look, Dad!
I'm out-
racing a
speeding
locomotive!

Big deal! This is the Long
Island Railroad! Some folks
WALK faster than it! But
you're getting there, Son,
and I'm real proud of you!



Oh, Spirit
of my dead
Father! Why
have you
called me
away from
my adopted
parents?!?

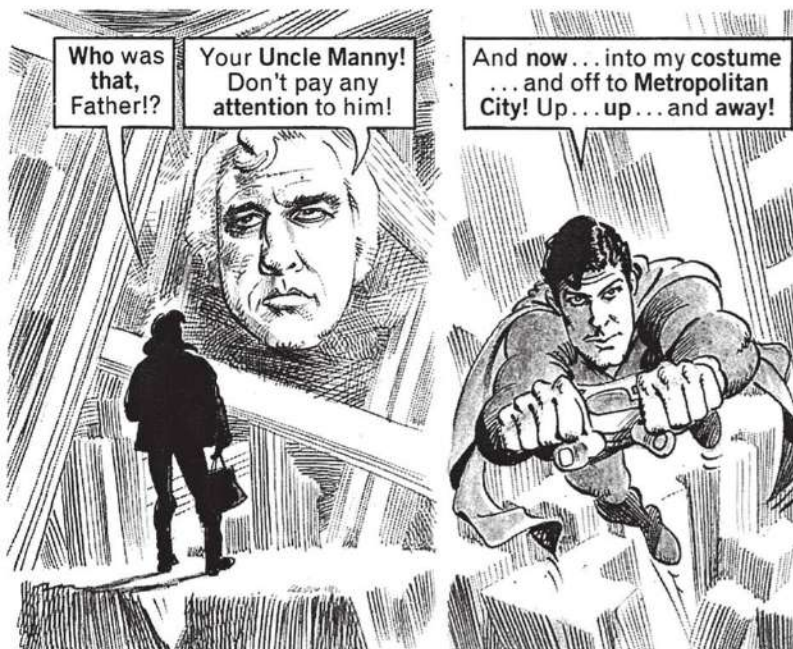
To tell you, my Son,
that you have come
of age now ... and
the time has come
to make use of your
great gifts for the
benefit of Mankind!

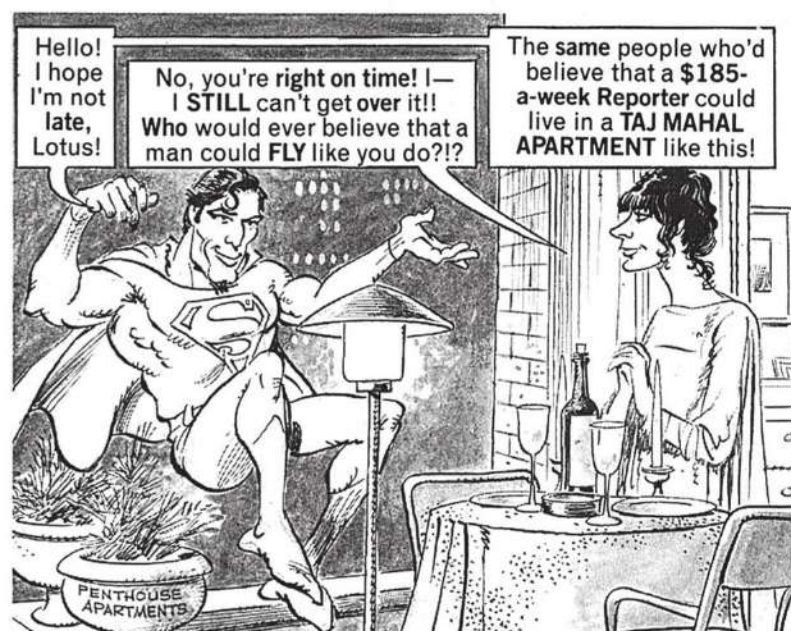
I under-
stand,
Father!
How
shall
I do
that?

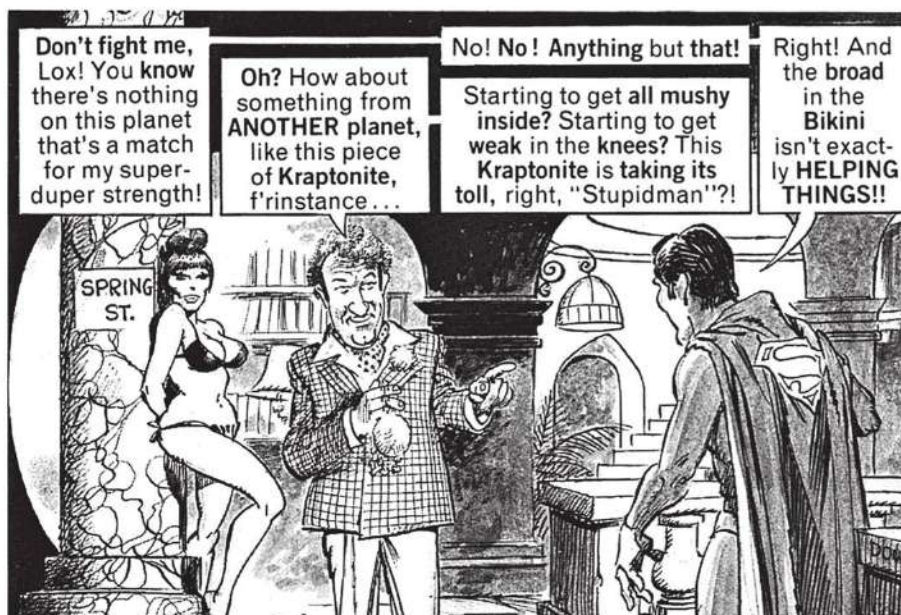
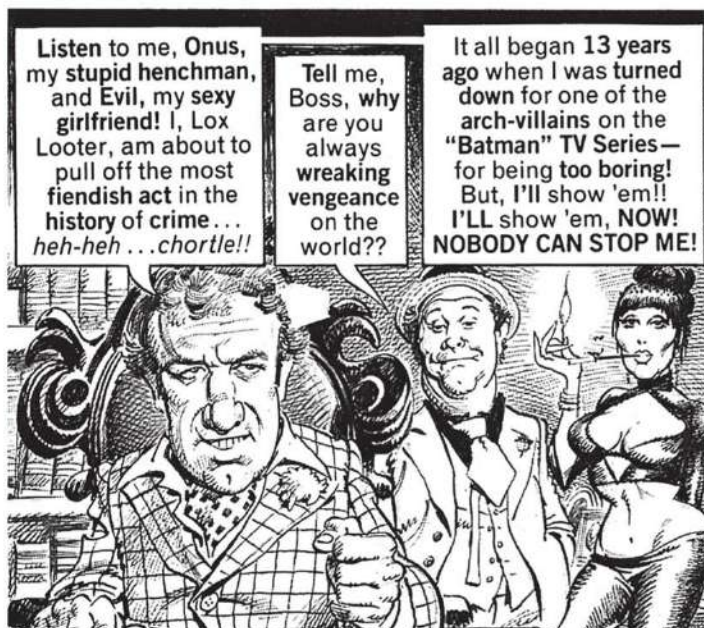
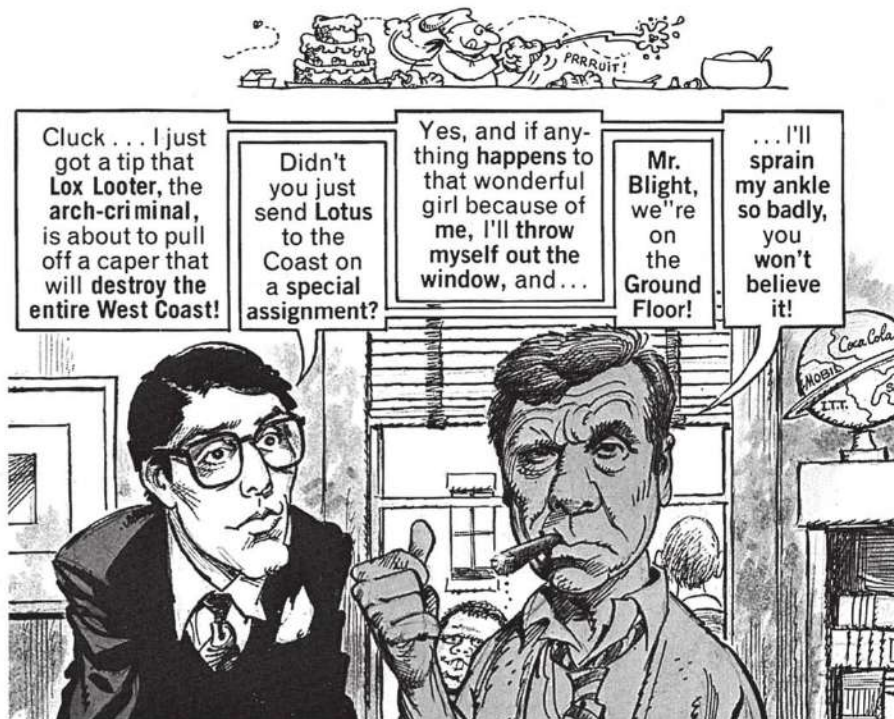
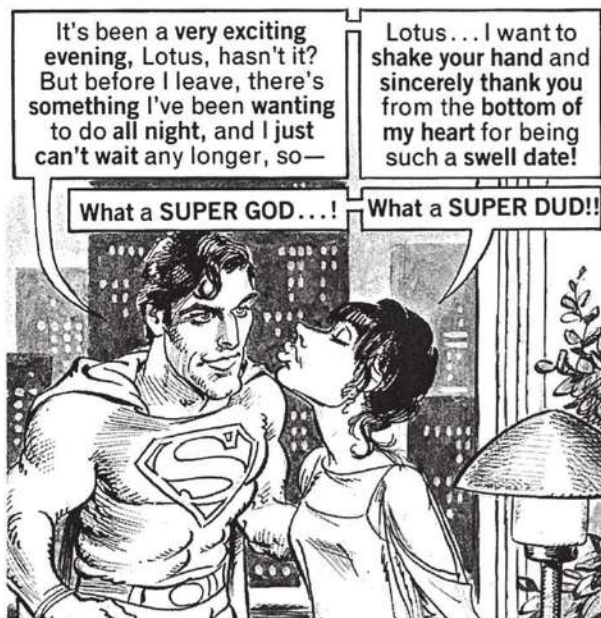
The secret is in
the crystals that
came with you from
the planet Krapton!
Remember, my Son!
All knowledge ...
all strength ... all
power is in crystal!

FORGET
crystal,
my boy!
Go into
PLASTIC!
That's
where the
money is!









Thanks for saving my life, Evil! Now I must save Lotus and the entire West Coast! Hey... you just kissed me!

Good luck, "Inferior-Man"!

Wait a minute! How come you called me "Inferiorman"?!

I just kissed you!

There's the missile, just ahead of me... and it's headed right for the San Andreas fault!! I must STOP IT... before it's...



... TOO LATE!!

BOOM!



Good Lord! The West Coast is doomed by a gigantic earthquake that will cause a gigantic holocaust! Even Superduperman can't stop it now!!

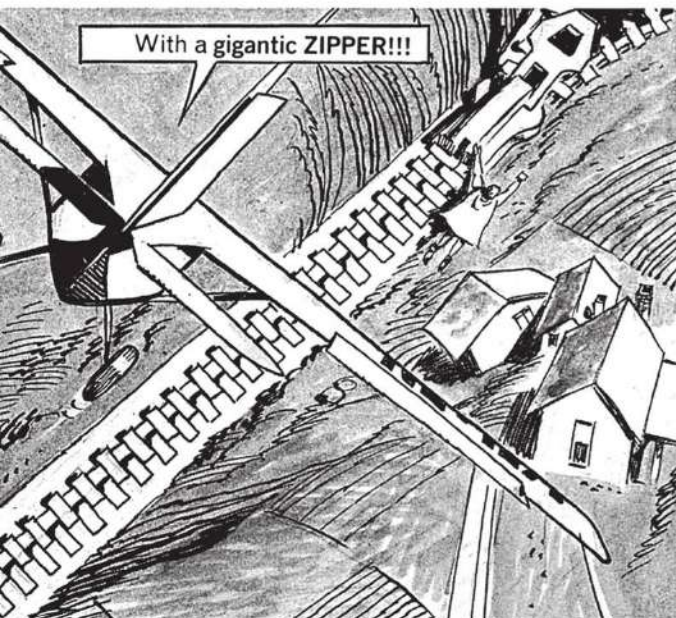
Wait! There IS a way he can stop it!

You mean??

Of course...

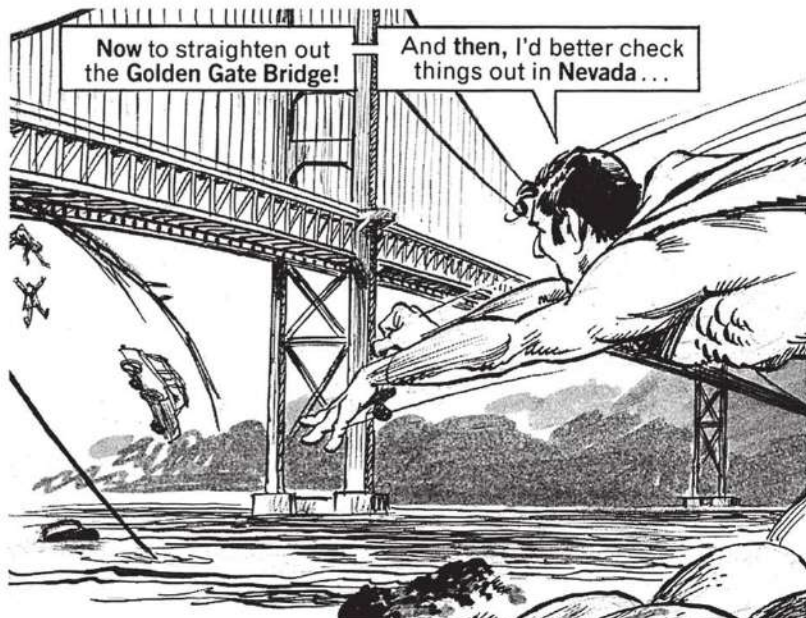


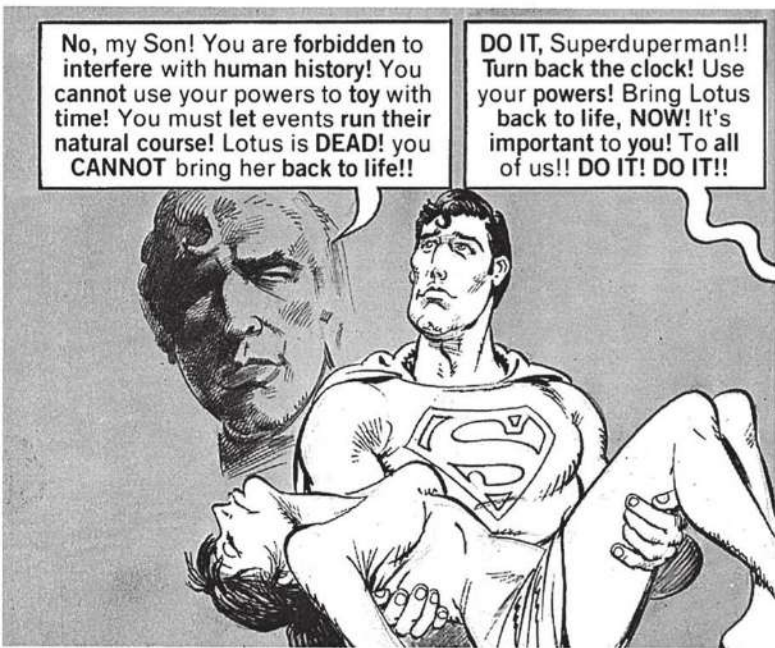
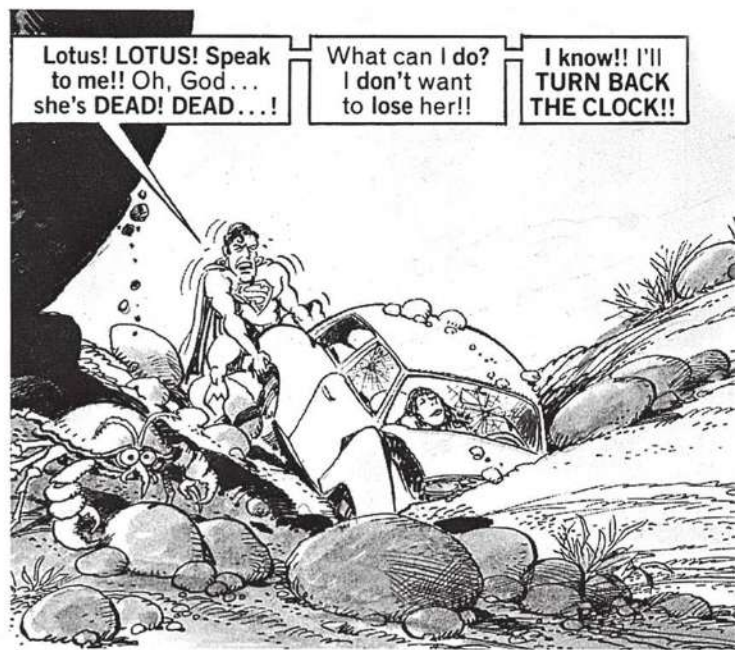
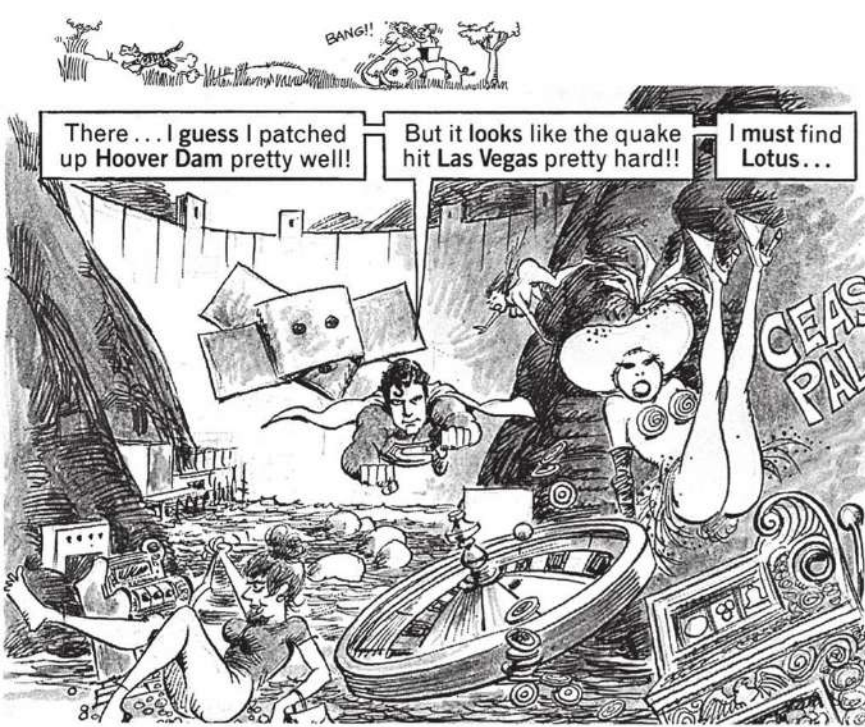
With a gigantic ZIPPER!!!



Now to straighten out the Golden Gate Bridge!

And then, I'd better check things out in Nevada...







ESCAPE G.O.A.T. DEPT.

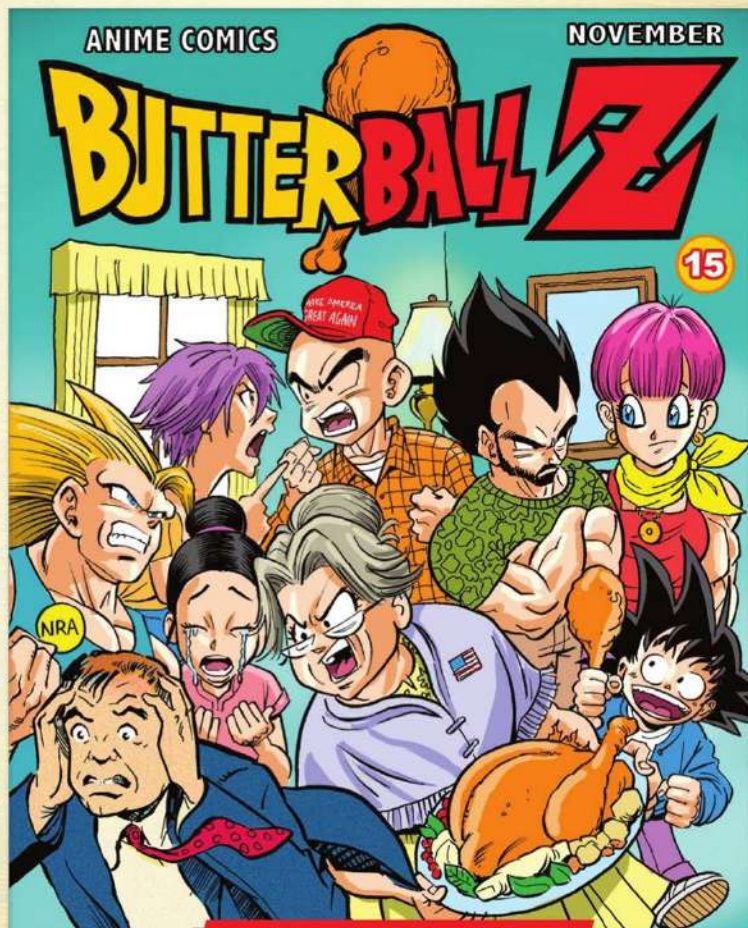
Action Comics #1 introduced two new heroes to the world in 1938: Superman and the nameless panicky dude holding his head and running off. Sure, Superman is slightly more famous—but Nameless Panicky Dude has also enjoyed an 80-year comic book career, as seen here in...

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF THE GUY ON THE COVER OF ACTION COMICS #1

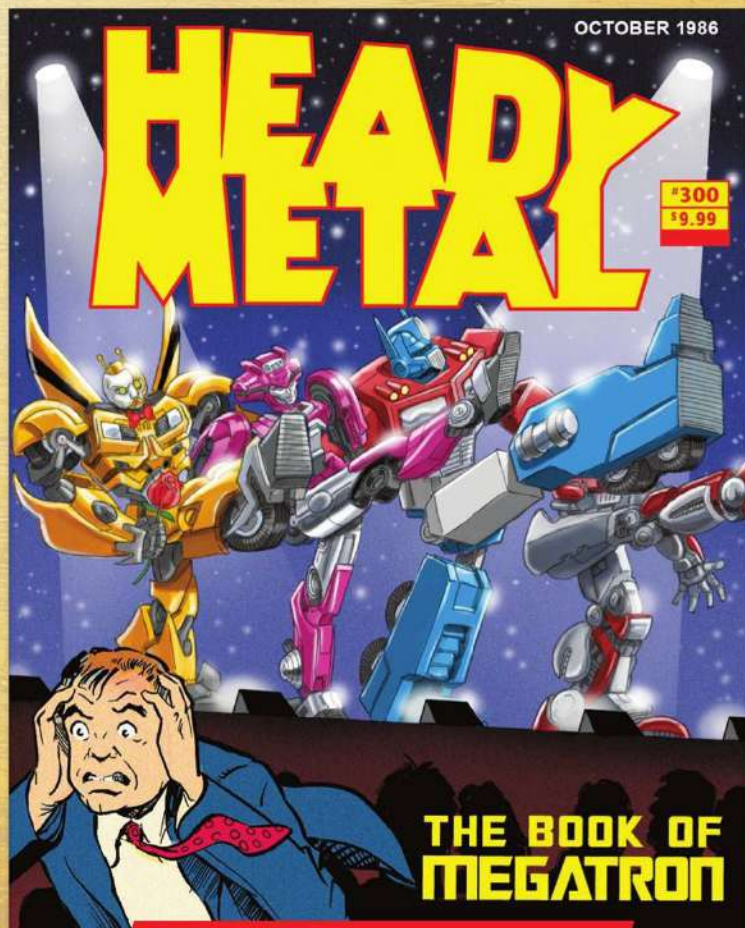
WRITER **DESMOND DEVLIN**
ARTIST **TOM RICHMOND**



THIS DUDE!



Enduring another Thanksgiving
with Fox News Grandma.



Sitting through the 85th schlocky Broadway
musical based on a mediocre movie.



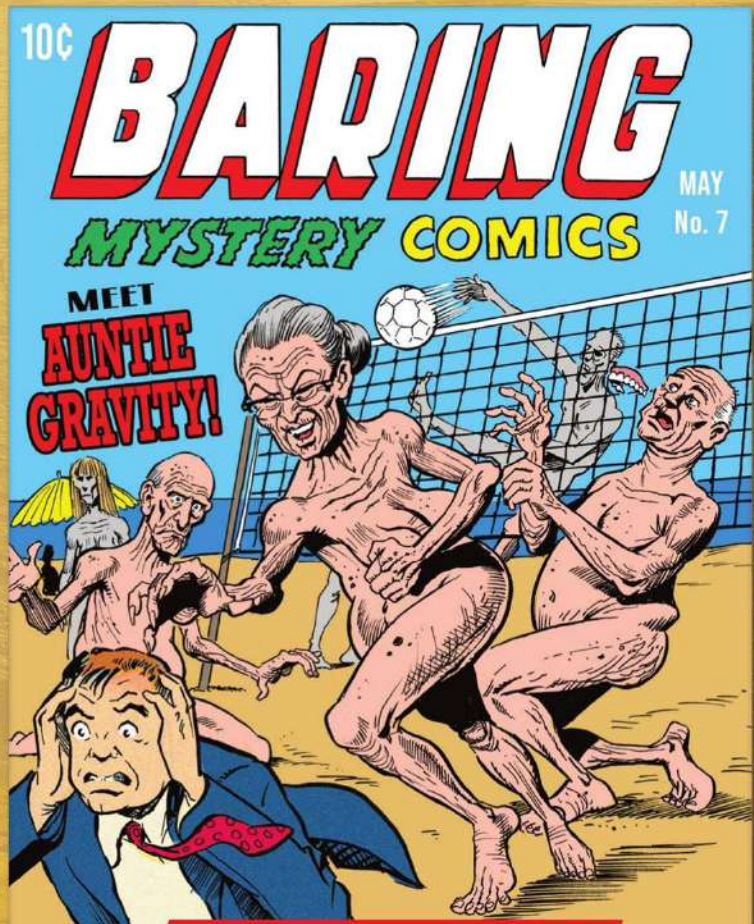
Attending the Comic-Con Cosplay Contest that failed to set a Freddy Krueger limit.



Entering the singles speed-dating event at the Hot Sauce Expo.



Squatting in the last semi-usable Porta Potty at Burning Man.

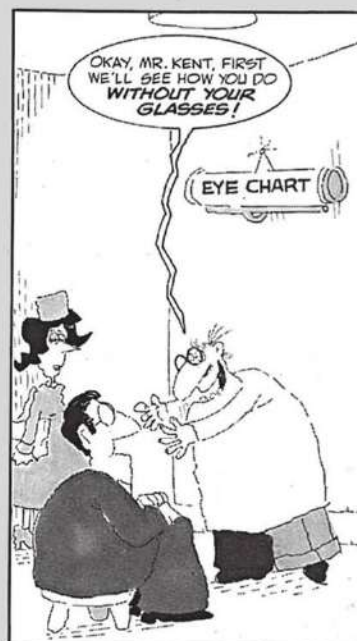
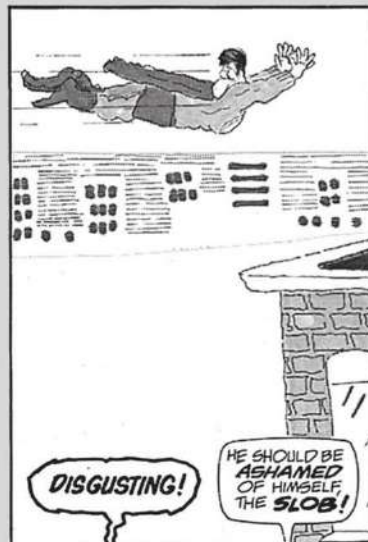
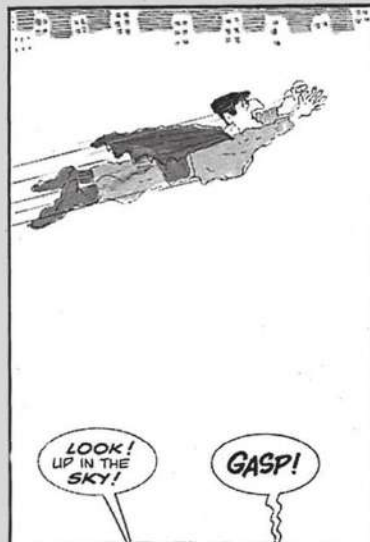


Playing against the Octogenarian Nude Naturalist Society volleyball team.



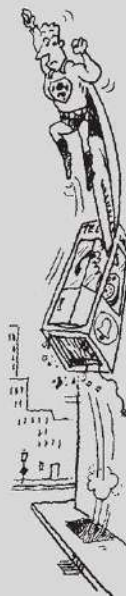
Duck Edwing looks at SUPERMAN

WRITER & ARTIST
DUCK EDWING



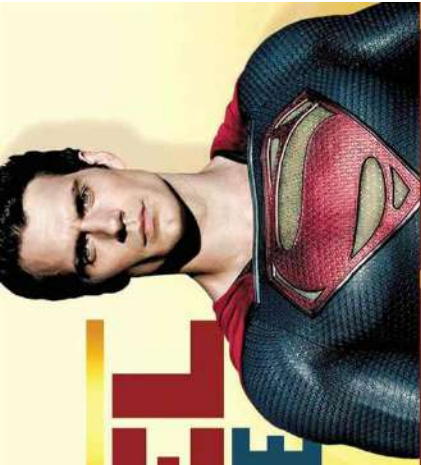


ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #276, JAN 1988



It's been seven years since the last Superman movie — and after *Man of Steel*, who knows when the next one will be! You can't wait that long! And frankly you shouldn't have to! But now you can break free of Hollywood's cruel limitations — much like Superman would break free of iron chains...or an itchy sweater...or an unjust cell phone contract, or...well, you get the idea. It's all in your hands now, thanks to...

MAD'S MAKE YOUR OWN MAN OF STEEL ADVENTURE



IN ORDER TO ESCAPE THE DESTRUCTION OF



KRYPTON



**A MOM & POP
GROCERY STORE**



HIS JENGA TOWER



**MONOPOLY'S "IRON"
GAME PIECE**



MANTI TE'O'S LOVE LIFE



HIS PILLOW FORT



LARRY HAGMAN'S LEGACY



**HIS CHERISHED
MACARONI ART**

JOR-EL SENDS HIS SON TO EARTH IN



A ROCKET.



**A FEDEX OVERNIGHT
ENVELOPE.**



**AN UNCOMFORTABLE
COACH SEAT.**



AN IRONIC ONESIE.



**A MID-LEVEL
SPORTS SEDAN.**



**A BIRTHRIGHT
TOUR GROUP.**



**A WACKY MIX-UP WITH HIS
KOOKY NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR.**



TIME FOR BURNING MAN.

AFTER LANDING IN



KANSAS



**A CHUCK E. CHEESE
BALL PIT**



**LAX, WITH A
TWO-HOUR LAYOVER**



**A MESS OF TROUBLE
WITH OL' BOSS HOG**



**A PUDDLE OF
HIS OWN SICK**



**A TAYLOR SWIFT
REVENGE BALLAD**



**THE PADRES'
STARTING ROTATION**



**THE MIDST OF A
NICKI-MARIAH FEUD**

IT IS DISCOVERED THE CHILD POSSESSES AMAZING



SUPERPOWERS.



TASTE IN FOOTWEAR.



**RECALL OF
HOCKEY SCORES.**



LUCK WITH CLAW GAMES.



**ETCHINGS OF
ELEANOR ROOSEVELT.**



YODELING CHOPS.



**SELF-DISCIPLINE
AROUND BACON.**



BLADDER CONTROL.

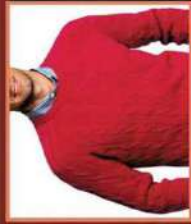
AND ALTHOUGH HE MAINTAINS A



SECRET IDENTITY



MAILING ADDRESS IN DULUTH



STRANGE FONDNESS FOR CASHMERE



SMALL BUT CHARMING BED AND BREAKFAST



\$20-A-DAY GRAVY HABIT



STRICTLY PLATONIC RELATIONSHIP WITH KESHA



LIFESTYLE BEFITTING MISS AMERICA



WARY DISTRUST OF PINTEREST

HE STILL STRUGGLES TO FIND HIS PLACE IN



THIS WORLD.



HIS COPY OF THE HELP.



THE "ALL YOU CAN EAT" BUFFET LINE.



NBC'S THURSDAY NIGHT LINEUP.



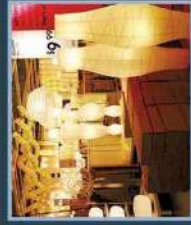
KALEY CUOCO'S INNER CIRCLE.



THE "BRONY" COMMUNITY.



THE DAILY PLANET'S "HARLEM SHAKE" VIDEO.



IKEA'S LAMP SECTION.

BUT WHEN THE WORLD IS THREATENED BY



GENERAL ZOD



AN ALLERGIC REACTION TO GLUTEN



A LITIGIOUS DONALD TRUMP



PAUL GIAMATTI'S SEXUAL ADVANCES



A NOXIOUS CLOUD OF AXE BODY SPRAY



THAT GRUMPY CAT



BILL O'REILLY, ON AIR



A TEEN MOM PREGNANCY SCARE

HE MUST BECOME



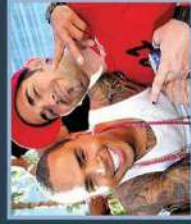
SUPERMAN



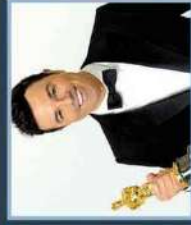
AMERICA'S NEXT TOP MODEL



NICKELBACK'S BIGGEST FAN



CHRIS BROWN'S FRIEND AND CONFIDANTE



THE NEW OSCARS HOST



THE ONE WHO SHALL NOT BE NAMED



BETTER WITH NAMES



A DEAD-EYE WITH HORSESHOES

AND FIGHT FOR TRUTH, JUSTICE AND

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD PRESENTS SUPERMAN, 2013



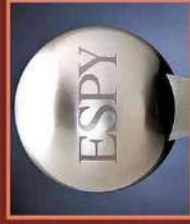
THE AMERICAN WAY.



THE BEST BLACK FRIDAY DEALS POSSIBLE.



A FIRST ROUND DRAFT PICK TO BE NAMED LATER.



AN ESPY.



THE WBO WELTERWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.



STRICTER COMPOSTING LAWS.



UNLIMITED TEXTING AND DATA.



THE DISMISSAL OF THAT PARKING TICKET.



I'm Spider-Sham! Welcome to MAD's look at *Stuporman Returns*! I know what you're thinking: why is Spider-Sham introducing a *Stuporman* movie? Easy! I've starred in two dynamite films that made a ton of money and they both were made in this century! The last *Stuporman* movie was more than 20 years ago! MAD needed a hipper superhero to get you to read their spoof! It will require all my Spidey powers! Why? Well, for one thing, Warner Brothers went way back into the archives and dredged up so much stuff from past *Stuporman* films that the new movie is more like...

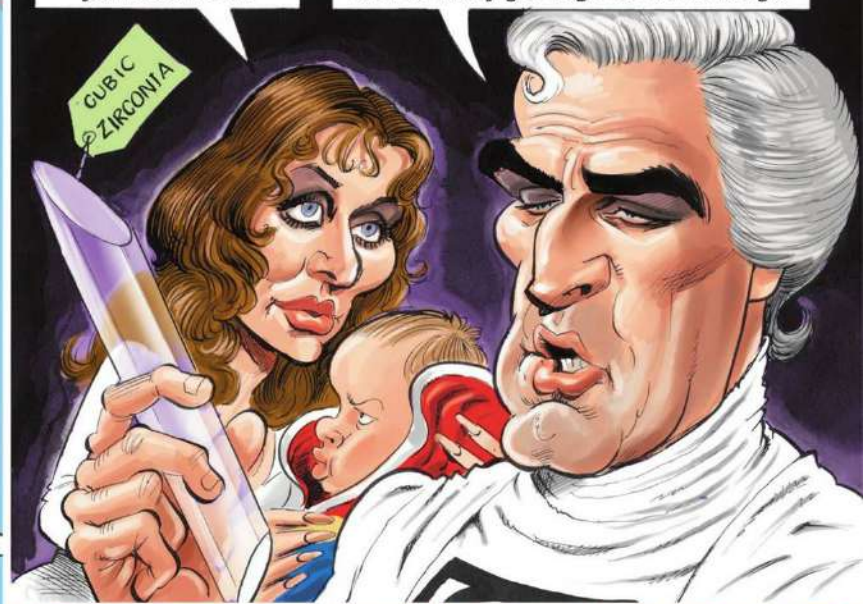
STUP



We start at the beginning...and I'm talking about when *Stuporman's* in diapers! I guess they couldn't find footage of his mother in stirrups giving birth or they would have gone back further!

Why are we sending our only child to earth? They're primitives. They're thousands of years behind us.

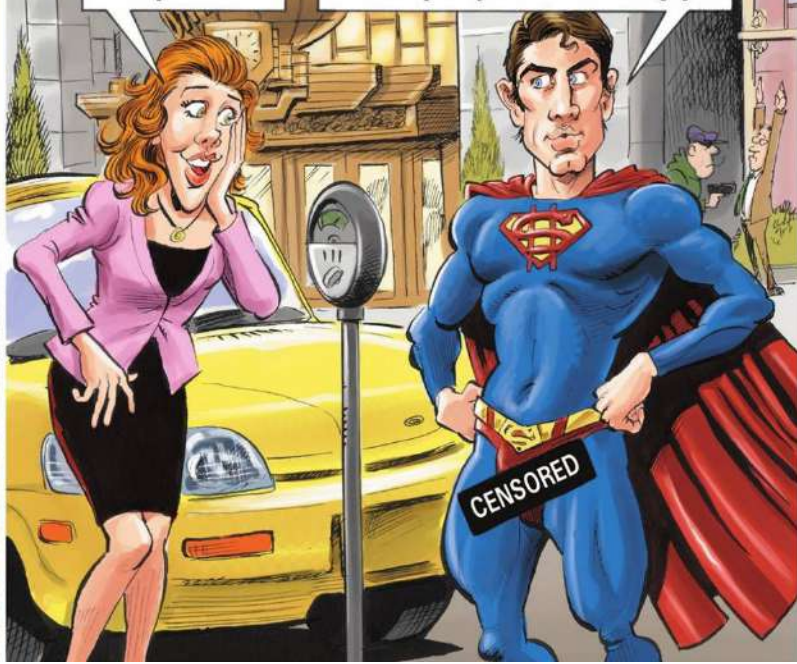
We've been over this a thousand times! As much as we've tried, we've never been able to get a babysitter up here! On earth they're all over the place! So we send the kid away and we finally get to go out for a change!



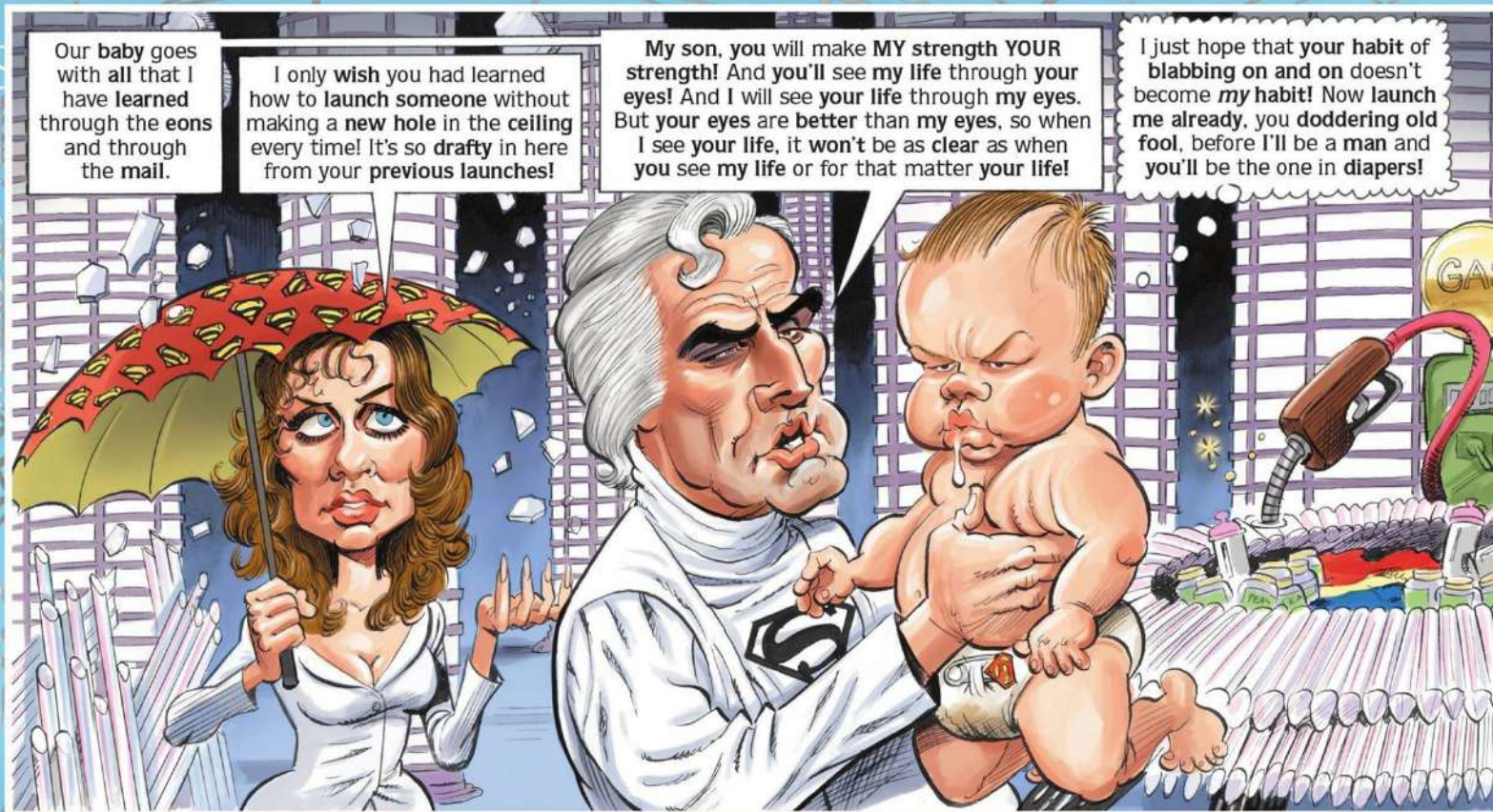
Stuporman came to earth and became a savior of the people, doing incredible deeds for humanity!

I thought my time was up, but you saved me, *Stuporman*!

It was my pleasure, madam — and you don't even have to repay the dime I put in the parking meter! You have plenty of time now! Enjoy it!



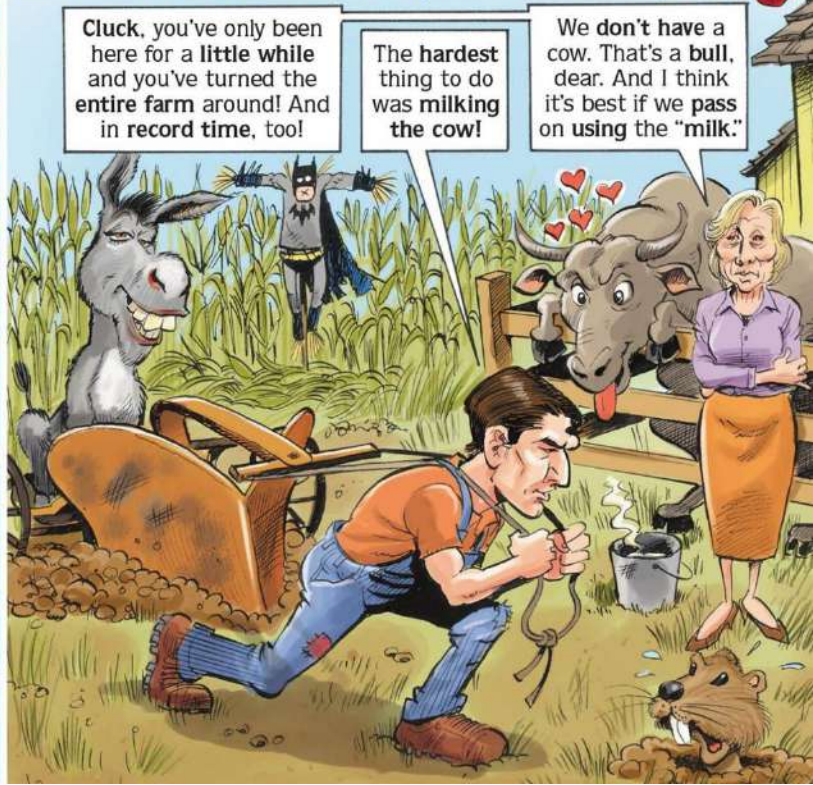
ORMAN RERUNS!



WRITER DICK DEBARTOLO ARTIST TOM RICHMOND



So the Man of Steel came back to Earth and landed in a run-down farm. But it wasn't run-down for long as Stuporman unleashed his powers.





So not only do the writers dig up *Stuporman's* beginning again, they can't even think up a new villain. So they drag out *Lets Looter*, his villain from past movies, TV shows and comic books! But this time, *Lets Looter* has a brand new diabolical plan. Take away *Stuporman's* power by exposing him to *Kraptonite*! Wow! Okay, so it's not a new plan! Did you really expect something new?

Now that that old bag Gertrude VastWealth has kicked off, I've inherited everything she had!

You did right by her, boss! You extended her life by keeping her hooked up to that medical machine!

That machine is what killed her! I injected her with anti-freeze for three years and she still died a frigid old broad! But getting rid of her and inheriting this mega-yacht was part of my plan! Now I have a way to find a load of Kraptonite, the thing Stuporman fears most! Well, outside of the reviews of this movie!

I'm glad the old bag is dead! It was humiliating pretending to be a maid and sneaking around the mansion so I could be your mistress! With her dead, I can be your mistress right out in the open! But hopefully we can still make love in the closet! It's so kinky!



HURK

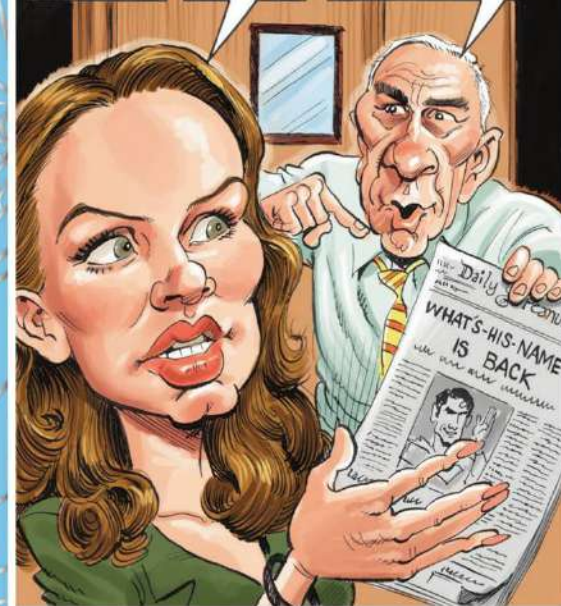


Meanwhile back at the Daily Peanut, news of Superman's return is everywhere...

You call this a headline that will grab attention? "What's-his-name is back?" I'm trying to sell newspapers and you're no help, Locust!

I gave you a million dollar idea to help you sell newspapers, Perky! Put them on newsstands!

Hmm...sell newspapers on newsstands. It's crazy, but it just might work! ...And don't call me chief! Oh, sorry. You didn't call me chief. Everything else around here is so retreaded, I assumed you would!



Upon his return to the Daily Peanut, Cluck faces the harsh reality that the woman he loves, Locust Lane, has moved on with her life.

So you're Jason, Locust's son...I'm a dear, close friend of your mom's. She probably told you about me dozens of times!

She never ever mentioned you. And she mentions everyone! She's one of the most boring mothers on earth!

Locust, be honest. Don't you miss that guy that used to sweep you off your feet and take you high up in the sky?

Why should I? I married a different guy who takes me high in the sky. I married a pilot! I'm still working on getting him to wear spandex, though! I do miss that. A lot!



And while we're at the Daily Peanut, let's not forget hard-working reporter Ninny Oldson. He's still portrayed pretty much as an idiot...

As a welcome back, Mr. Bent, I baked you a cake.

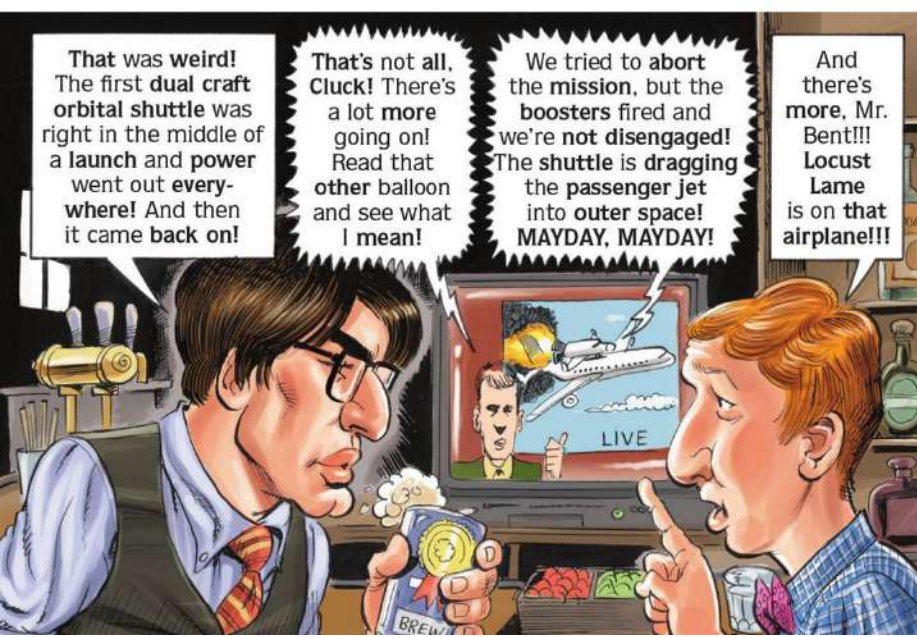
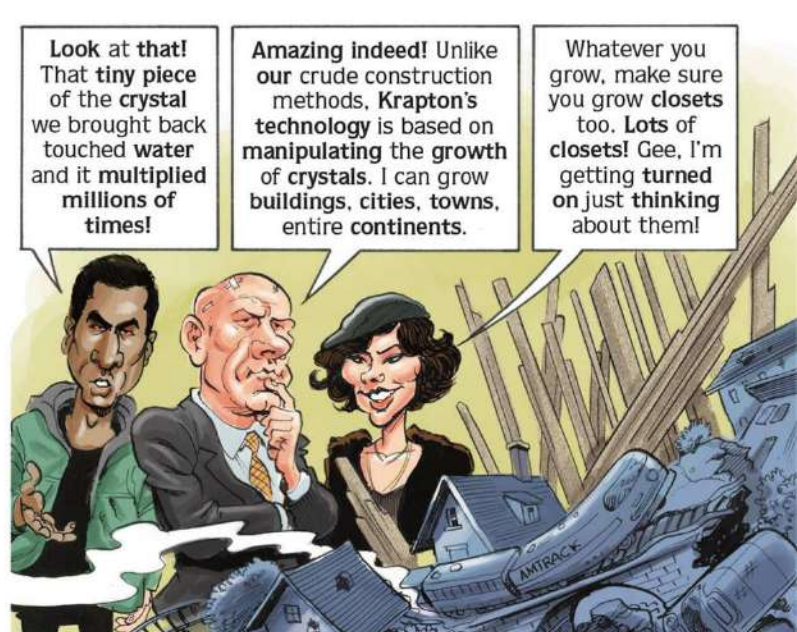
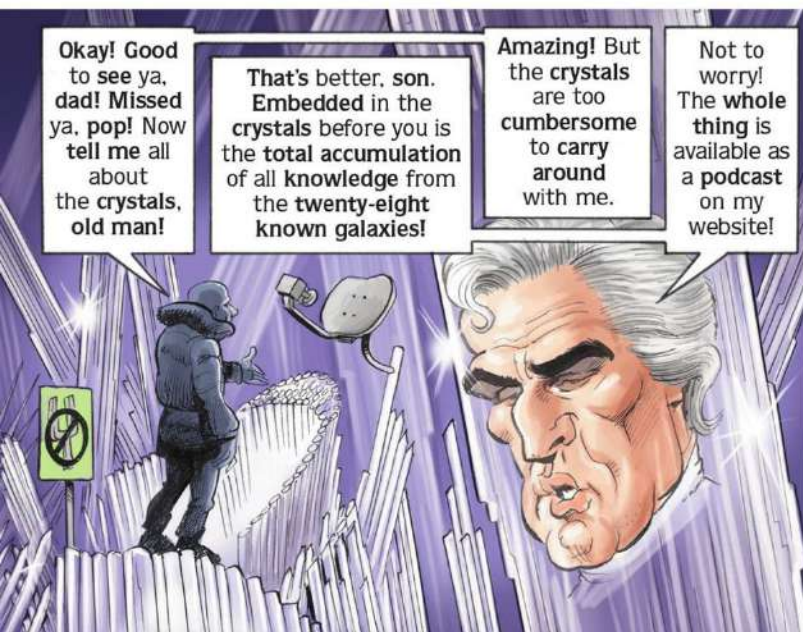
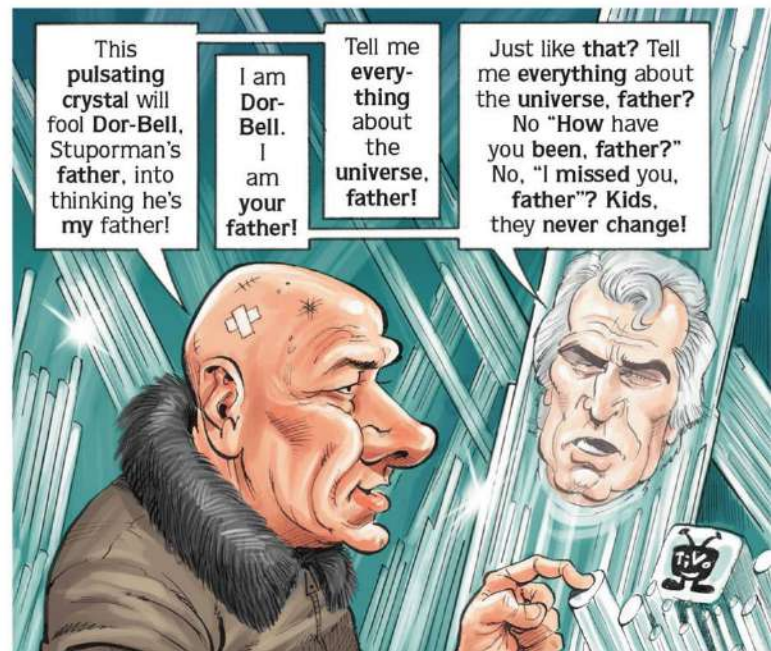
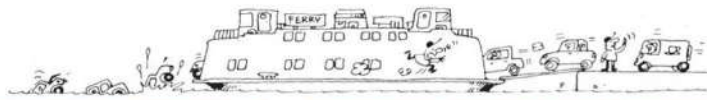
It looks like you baked me two cakes, Ninny!

No, one's for you and the other one's for Stuporman, because he's back, too! Think about it! Two totally different people we haven't seen in years both come back the same day! Wow, talk about coincidence!



Well, I tried, but my Spidey powers are exhausted! I'm out of here! Good luck with the rest of this super turkey!





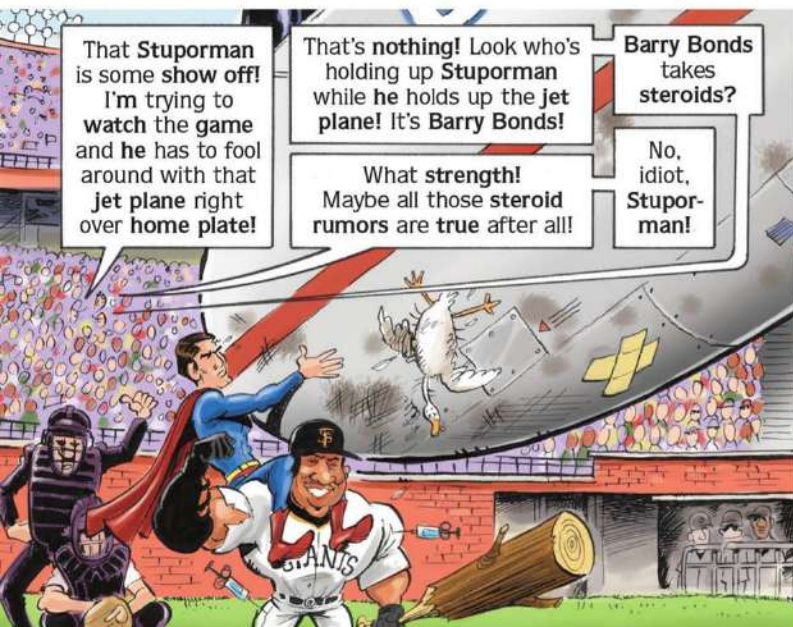


No wonder the shuttle and the Boeing 777 jet wouldn't come apart! Someone has attached them together with PoliGrip! The fiends! That stuff really sticks!



Finally, the food cart is here!

Yeah, but you'd think first class would be served before she went into the cockpit and served the pilots!



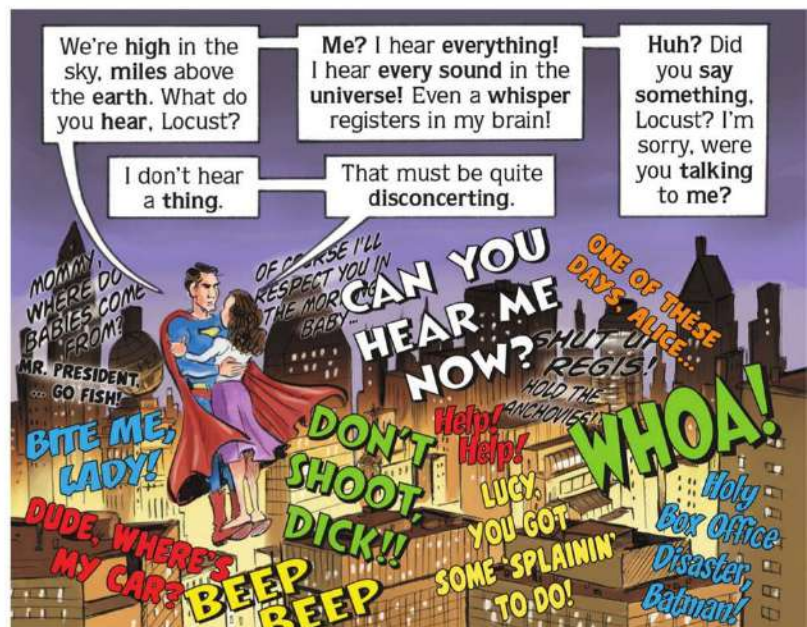
That Stuporman is some show off! I'm trying to watch the game and he has to fool around with that jet plane right over home plate!

That's nothing! Look who's holding up Stuporman while he holds up the jet plane! It's Barry Bonds!

Barry Bonds takes steroids?

No, idiot, Stuporman!

What strength! Maybe all those steroid rumors are true after all!



We're high in the sky, miles above the earth. What do you hear, Locust?

Me? I hear everything! I hear every sound in the universe! Even a whisper registers in my brain!

Huh? Did you say something, Locust? I'm sorry, were you talking to me?

I don't hear a thing.

That must be quite disconcerting.

MOMMY, WHERE DO BABIES COME FROM? MR. PRESIDENT, GO FISH! BITE ME, LADY! DUDE, WHERE'S MY CAR? BEEP BEEP OF COURSE I'LL RESPECT YOU IN THE MORNING, BABY! CAN YOU HEAR ME NOW? DON'T SHOOT, DICK!! WHOA! HOLY BOX OFFICE DISASTER, BATMAN! HELP! HELP! LUCY, YOU GOT SOME 'SPLAININ' TO DO! SHUT UP! REGIS! HOLD THE ARCHIVES!



Look what I stole from the Museum of Rare Stones and Lax Security!

It's green and glowing! I hope you're not back to buying me crap on QVC again?

This isn't for you, my dear! It's for Stuporman!

Oh, no. Is this like a *Brokeback Mountain* kind of thing? You never can tell these days, can you?



Well look who sneaked aboard my yacht to spy on us! Locust Lame!

I see what you're up to, Lets — you're building an island!

Not just an island! A new continent! It's going to be indestructible, self sustaining, and best of all — plenty of free parking!

Wow! Lets, I'll offer you a deal. I won't report you to the authorities if you get me an insider's price on a condo there. Rents here in Metropolis are through the roof!

Here's the best part, Locust! Since two objects cannot occupy the same space, my continent is going to put the United States underwater!

The government won't let you do that!

Oh, no? Did you see how FEMA responded in New Orleans after Hurricane Katrina?

My God, who the hell am I kidding?! The U.S. is sunk!

Forget FEMA! Stuporman will stop your diabolical plan!

Ha! He won't be able to stop me! You'll never guess what I have in this box!

His spandex leotard? Ha! I bet he has a spare!

No, this is Kraptonite. Actually, this is better than Kraptonite! It's Kraptonite Plus! It has all the properties of regular Kraptonite, plus a whitening ingredient for the brightest smile ever!

Brutal, you idiot! I leave the room for a minute and you let Locust send a fax??

You told me to make sure she didn't leave the room! You didn't say anything about not letting her send a fax! I thought she was ordering some Chinese takeout!

It doesn't matter, boss. Our special home-made rocket is already on the ocean floor creating our entire new continent! Besides, when you send something on that fax, it only goes as far as this fax! It never leaves this room. I set everything up for total security!

Excellent! This really is a tight-knit gang! I was wondering why my cell phone can only call you! I always thought it was just crappy Verizon service!

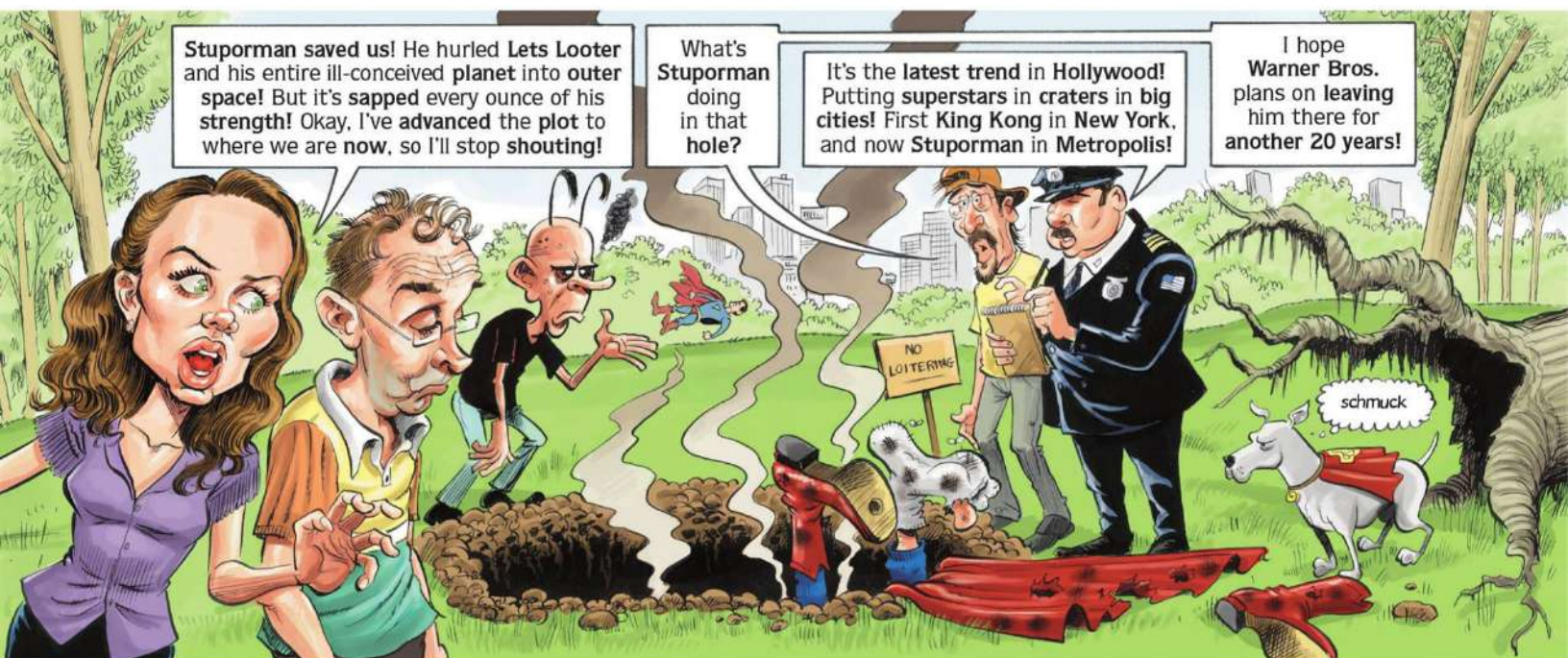
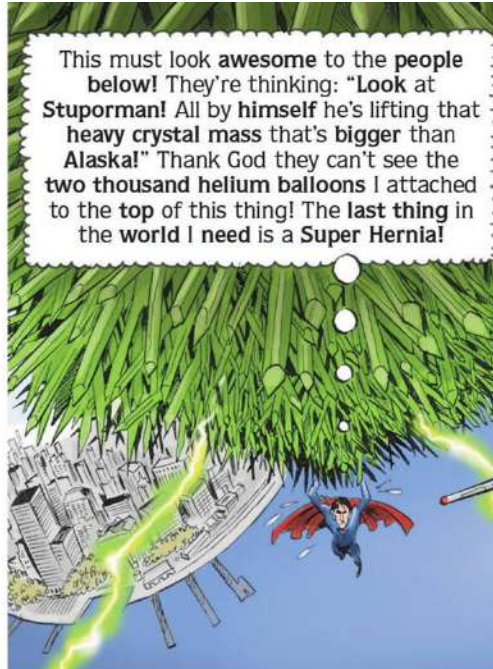
My boys and I are leaving. You and your boy are staying! And I'm giving you this yacht!

That's very kind of you, Lets, but I don't have a place to keep it.

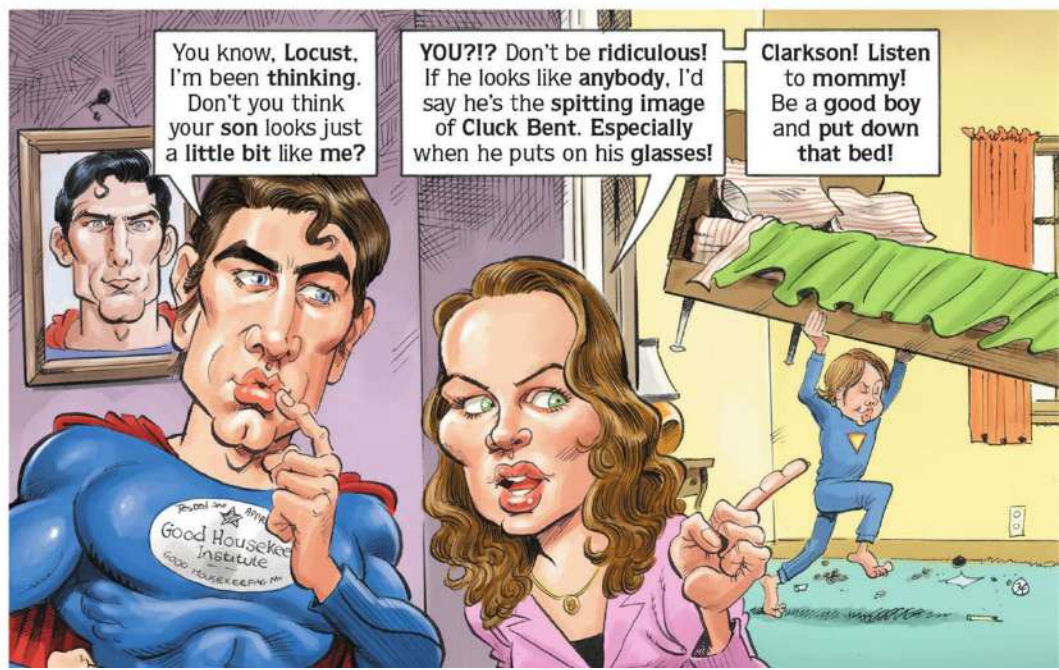
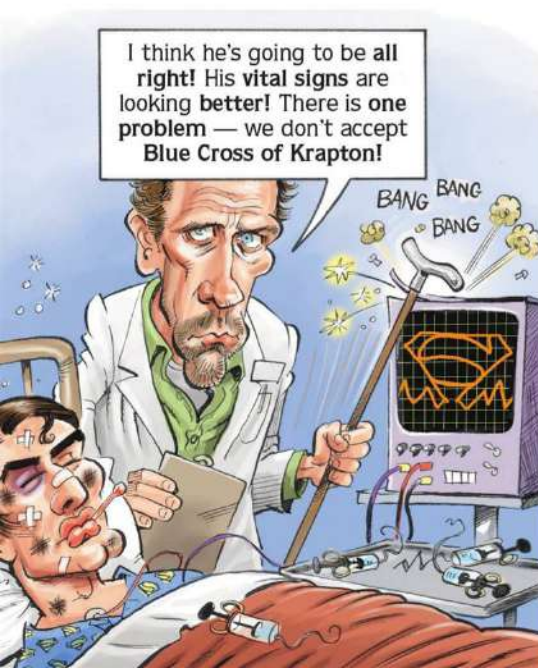
I've taken care of that, too. Once we leave, this bomb will send you, your son and your yacht to the bottom of the ocean!

Wow, talk about having a house close to the water! Yours will be 100 fathoms under it! Lucky you!

The entire surface of the earth is splitting open! This is worse than global warming! This is global cracking!!! And a tidal wave in the downtown area is not a good sign either! It's global drowning! I bet the folks from FEMA will be all over this disaster! Oh, who the hell am I kidding?!? The U.S. is sunk!



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #468, AUG 2006

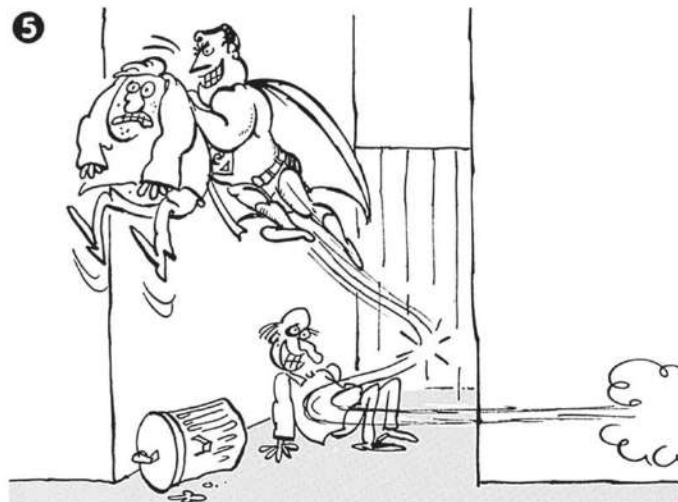
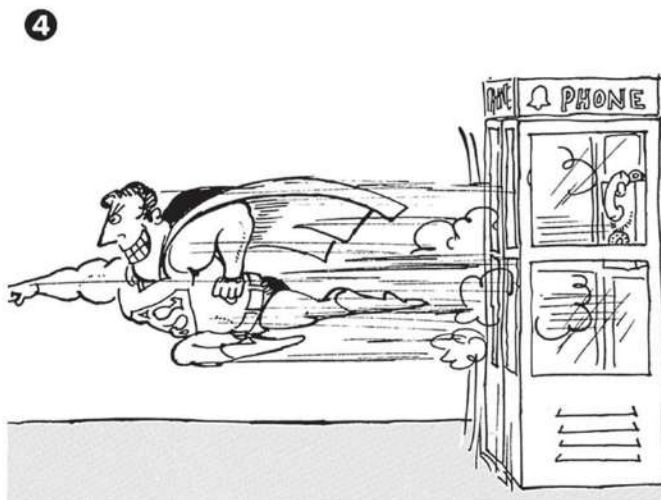
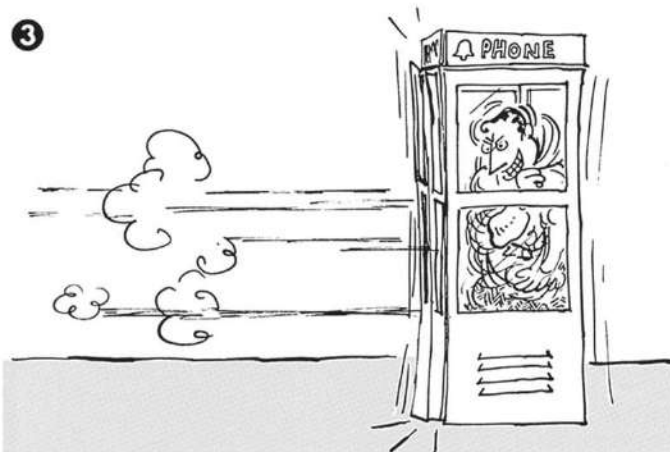




A SUPER OPPORTUNITY



WRITER & ARTIST **SERGIO ARAGONÉS**





They made "Superman," "Superman II" and "Superman III" ... but they didn't have the nerve to make "Superman IV"! Instead, they pulled a sneaky trick and gave us pretty much the same old stuff using a "Female of Steel"! And that's what we consider...

What are you doing, Saltaire?

Using this incredible force, the Omegahedfone, to create "trees"! At least, I THINK they're trees! They've got them on every street in every city on Earth...!

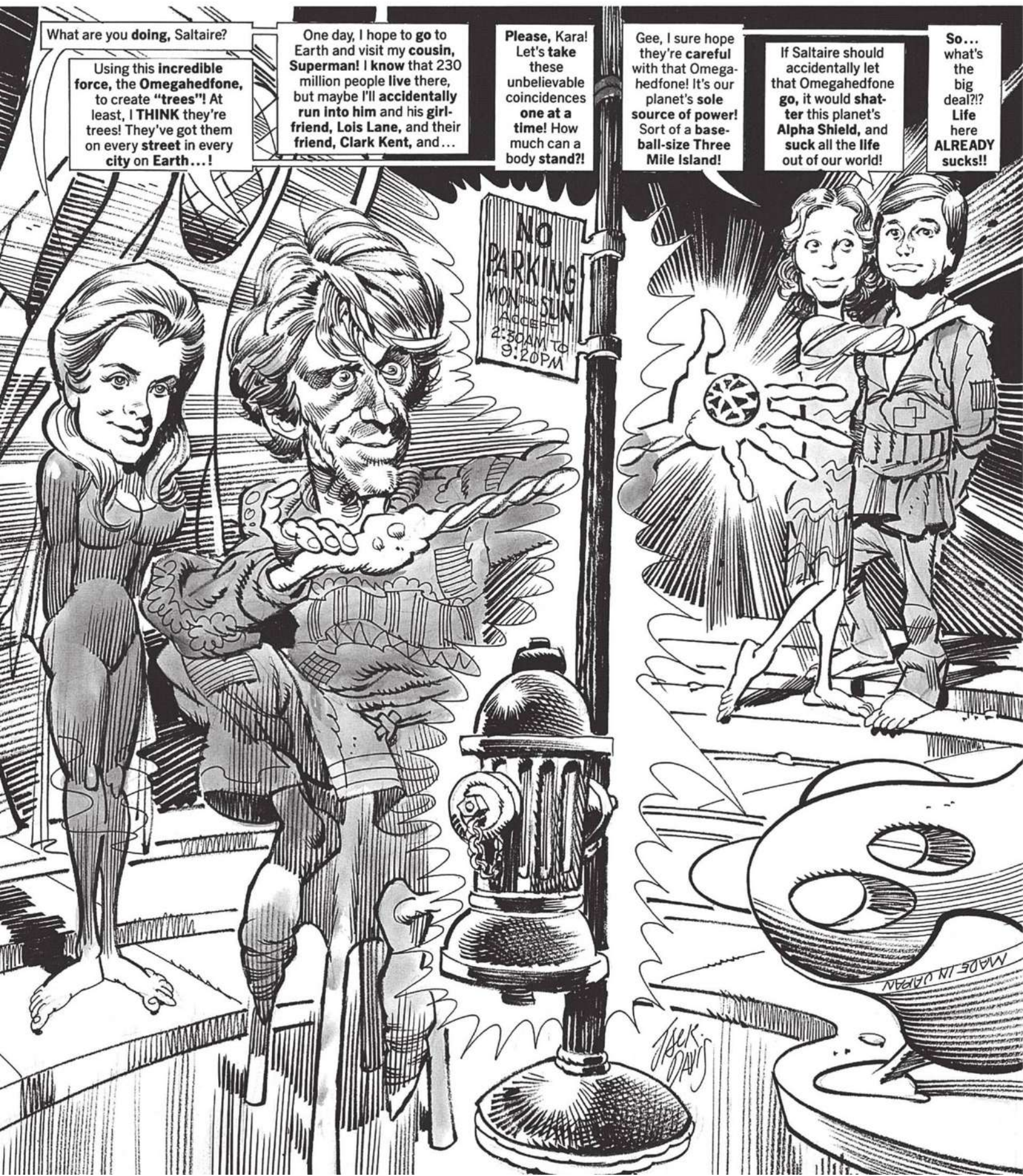
One day, I hope to go to Earth and visit my cousin, Superman! I know that 230 million people live there, but maybe I'll accidentally run into him and his girlfriend, Lois Lane, and their friend, Clark Kent, and...

Please, Kara! Let's take these unbelievable coincidences one at a time! How much can a body stand?!

Gee, I sure hope they're careful with that Omegahedfone! It's our planet's sole source of power! Sort of a baseball-size Three Mile Island!

If Saltaire should accidentally let that Omegahedfone go, it would shatter this planet's Alpha Shield, and suck all the life out of our world!

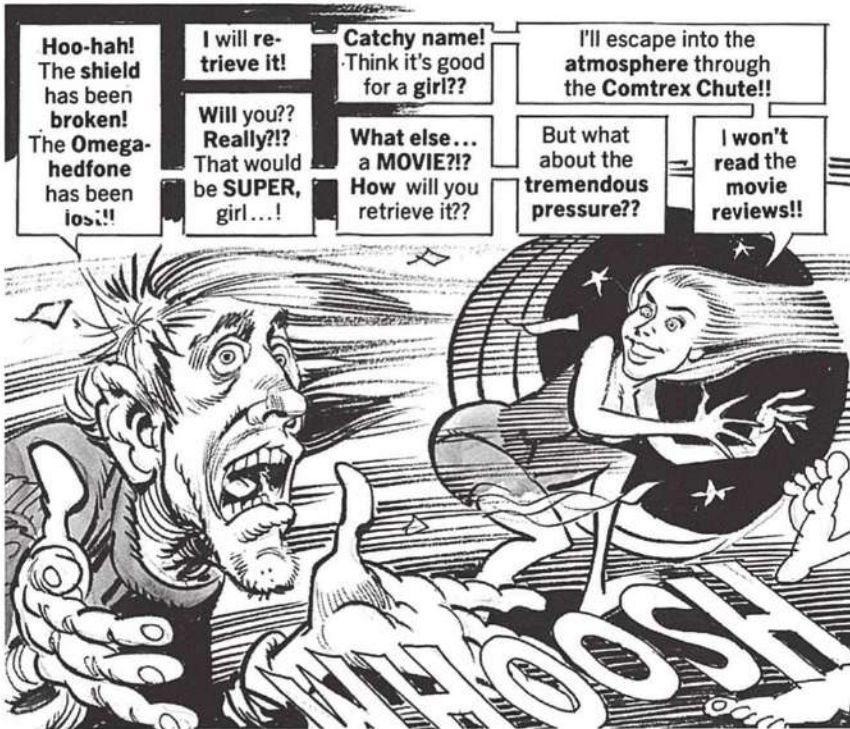
So... what's the big deal?!? Life here ALREADY sucks!!





Supergall

WRITER **DICK DEBARTOLO**
ARTIST **JACK DAVIS**



Hoo-hah!
The shield
has been
broken!
The Omega-
hedfone
has been
lost!!

I will re-
trieve it!

Will you??
Really?!?
That would
be **SUPER**,
girl...!

Catchy name!
Think it's good
for a girl??

What else...
a **MOVIE**?!?
How will you
retrieve it??

I'll escape into the
atmosphere through
the **Comtrex Chute**!!

But what
about the
tremendous
pressure??

I won't
read the
movie
reviews!!



I can **FLY**!!
And I have
incredible
strength!!

I know...!!
I'll **USE** my
gifts to help
Mankind!!

Hey! Do your "help Mankind"
schtick on some **OTHER** plan-
et, Sweetheart! You **CAUSED**
twelve disasters **ALREADY**!!



Can I get you any-
thing, Someany...?

You must be **crazy**!!

Yeah! I'll have
a sandwich, a
Coke and **COM-
PLETE CONTROL**
OF THE WORLD!

I guess you're
right! Okay, I'll
have a sandwich,
a **DIET COKE** and
complete control
of the world!!

Such a **pretty** world!!
I can't wait till it's
all mine! I want the
entire population at
my feet, crawling on
its hands and knees!
I want to be the one
who decides **who lives**
...and **who dies**!!

Gee, Someany!
No wonder you
were voted
**"Most Likely
To Succeed"**!

And **YOU** ...
Dear Nojel,
will help me!

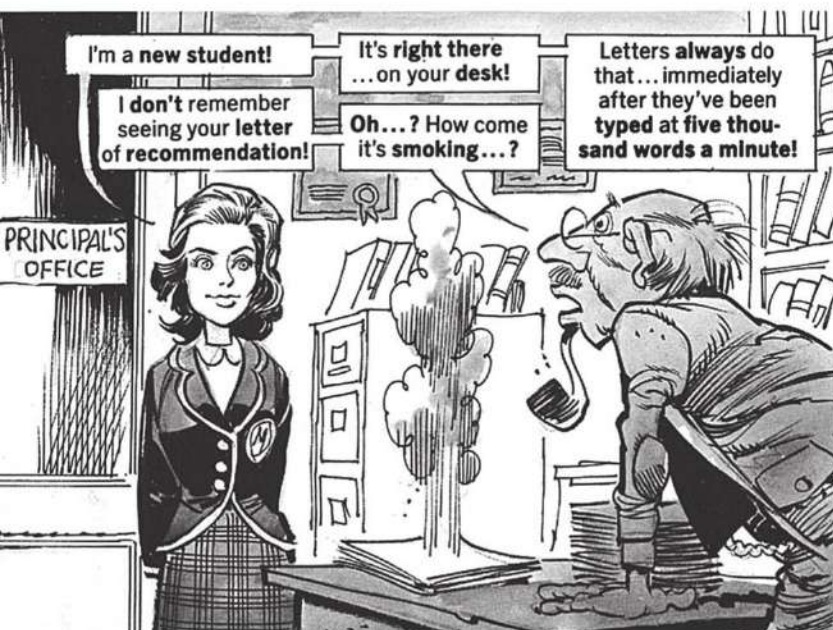
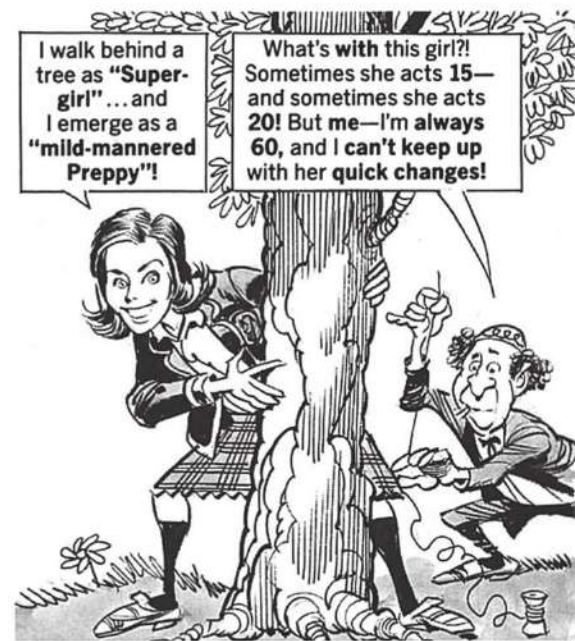
You must
be **nuts**!
I'd have
to be **un-
conscious**
before I'd
lift a
finger to
help you!!

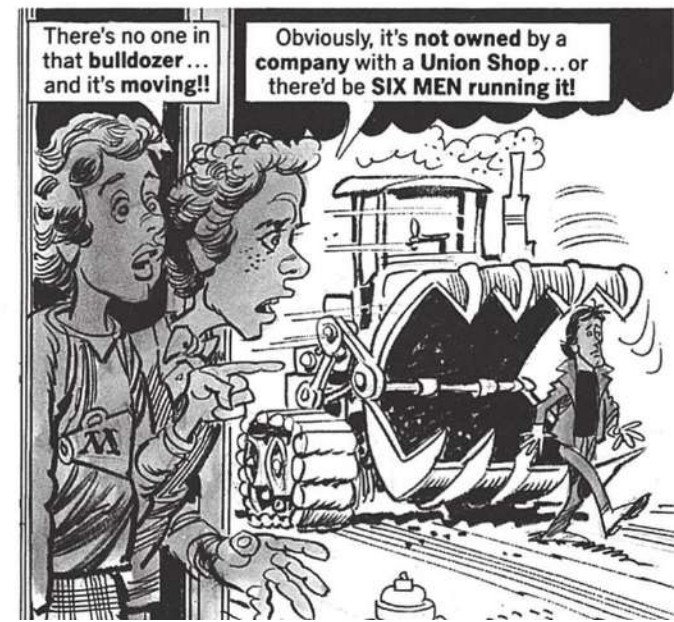
Gee... I don't
even believe
in **GOD** ... and
I get help
from **above**...!

Make a ...
list of ...
what you ...
want me t-t-
... doooooo



KLONG





I smell trouble! I ALSO smell the sickening odor of tires burning! I hope I don't "super-barf" on those poor people below!

Lucy Lane told me that wearing a **BRA** would streamline my figure—but I think it **ADDS** to my wind resistance!!



Look!! The runaway bulldozer has set that gas station on fire!!

But Supergirl has smashed open that water tank, and it's putting out the fire! That's unbelievable!!

That Supergirl could do that?!

No, that a water tank would be on the roof of a gas station!

What do you think they use to turn **SUPER** Unleaded into **REGULAR** Unleaded...?! Seltzer?!?



I love you with all my heart and soul!! Come away with me and bear my children!!

Boy, Earth is sure some "make-out" place! I've only been here 48 hours, and already I've been propositioned by two mean truck drivers and a drunken gardener!!



So she thinks she can take my man away from me, eh? Well... I'm going to send her a storm with dark clouds and intermittent lightning, plus patches of fog, hail, and occasional high gusts of cyclonic winds!

Is that a **SPELL**—or a **WEATHER FORECAST**?



You've been keeping a low profile, Nojel! Have you grown tired of spreading evil and fear among men...?

Not at all, Someany, my dear! As a matter of fact, my most frightening act of terror is about to be unleashed! I have just completed drawing up the new IRS 1040 Income Tax form for 1985! Yecccc!!

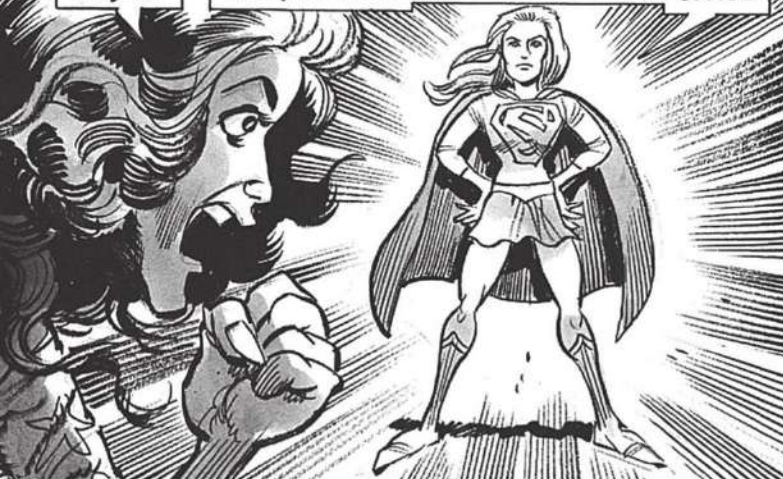


I am the Princess of Darkness! Who are you??

I am the daughter of Zor-Elbo... and the cousin of Superman...!

Superman...?! Can YOU do everything that Superman does??

Yes... except at the **BOX OFFICE**!



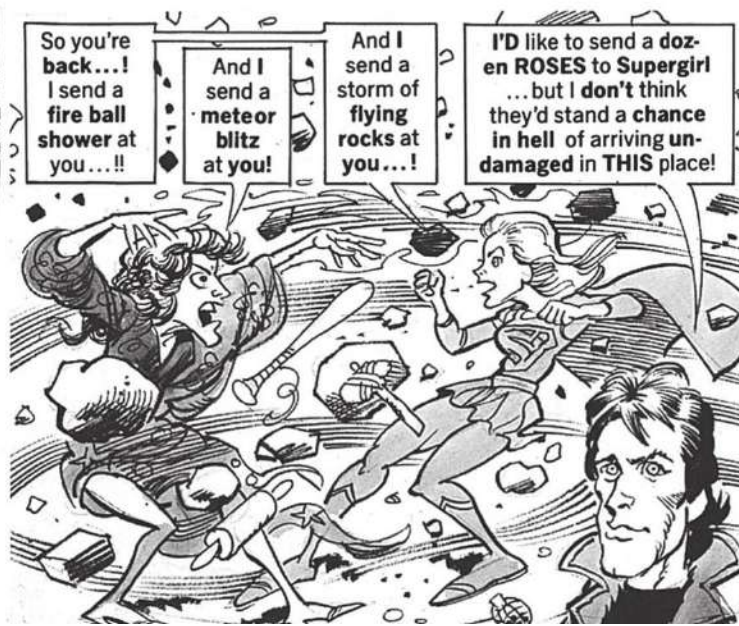
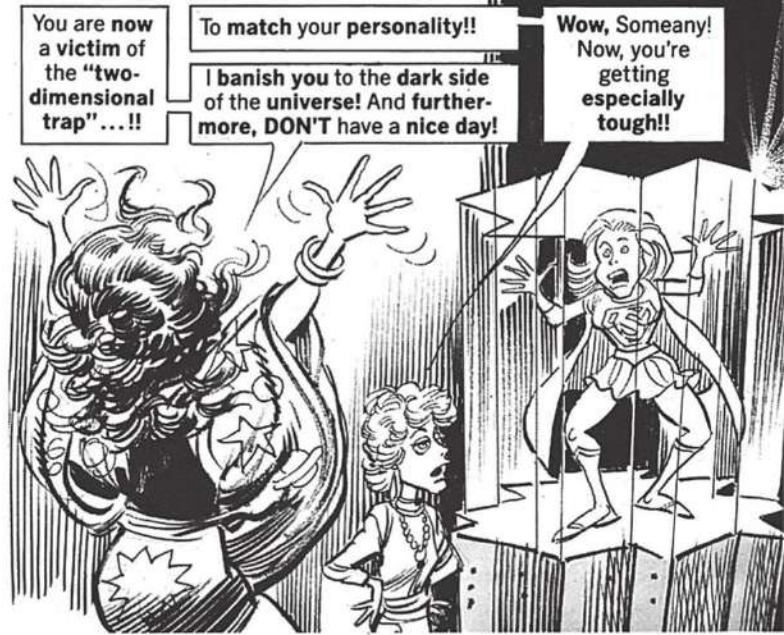
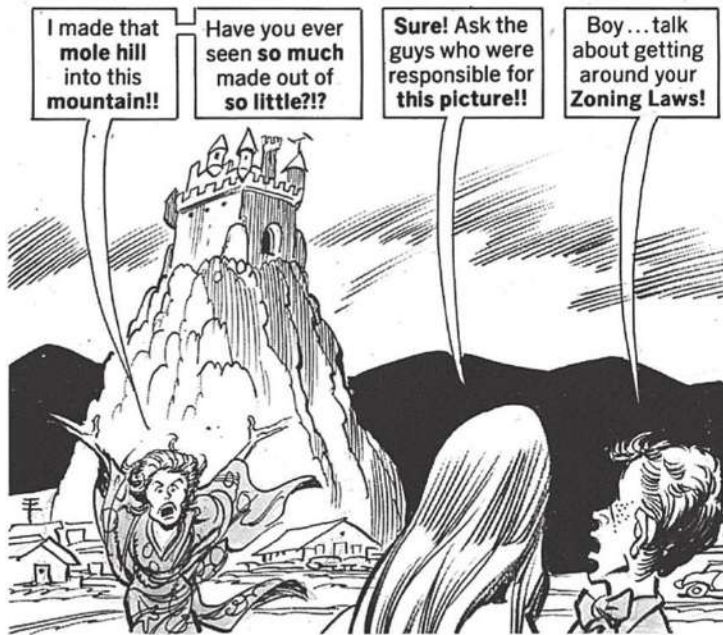
Your "super-tongue" bores me!

You talk of super powers?! I'LL show you super powers!!

See that mole hill out there? Watch...!

Upon all good, I put a hex... And call upon special effects!!







MeaNwHile...

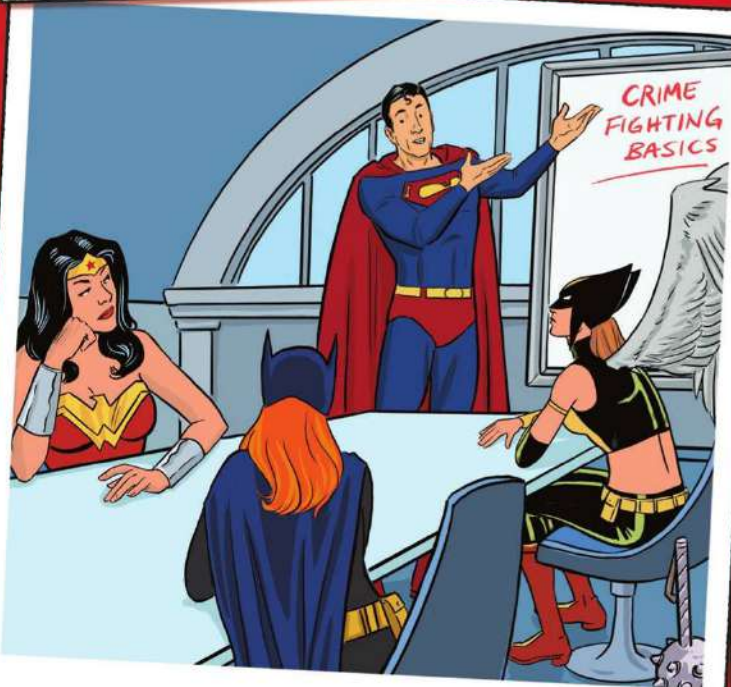
WRITER IAN BOOTHBY
ARTIST PIA GUERRA



"BEDTIME AT SUNSET. THERE ARE SNACKS IN THE FOOD REPLICATOR, AND IF KRYPTON STARTS TO EXPLODE, JUST SHOOT HIM INTO SPACE."



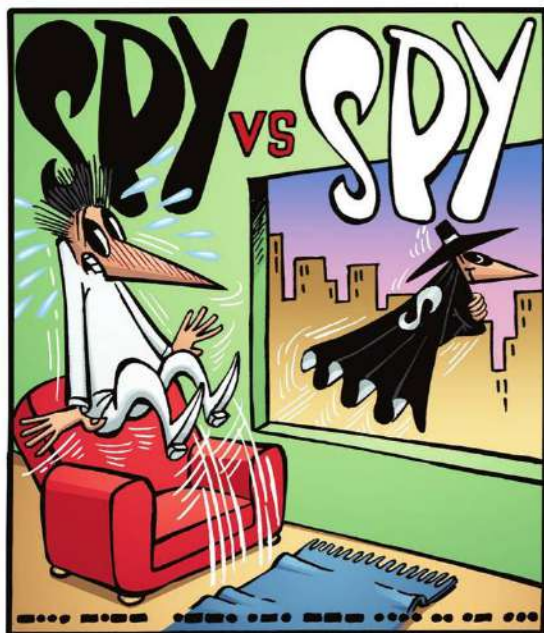
"WE'RE FRIENDS BUT NOT, LIKE, SUPER FRIENDS."



SUPERMANSPLAINING



"NO, WE DIDN'T NEUTER HIM TODAY."



WRITER & ARTIST ANTONIO PROHIAS COLORIST CARRIE STRACHAN



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #147, DEC 1971



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #7, JUN 2019

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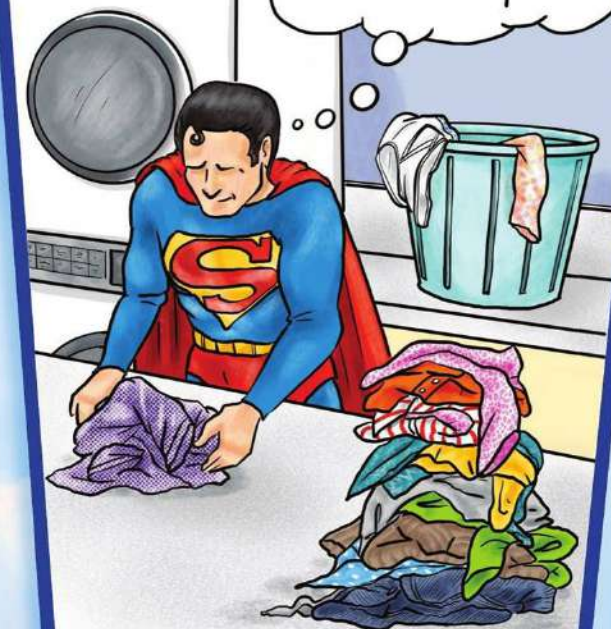


We all know Superman is faster than a speeding bullet, more powerful than a locomotive, blah, blah, blah. But can he remember where he put his keys? Or set the clock on the microwave? Being a Kryptonian isn't *all* that, so let's check out the...

TASKS SUPERMAN ISN'T SO SUPER AT

FOLDING LAUNDRY

I can't believe how long it takes Lois to do even ONE basket. Such a slow poke.



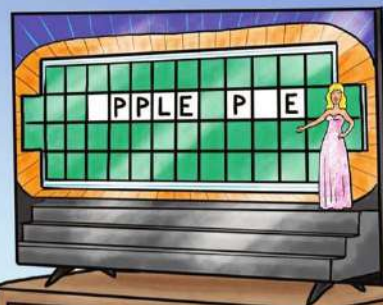
DOWNWARD FACING DOG

Um, this nirvana thing is B.S.



WHEEL OF FORTUNE

NIPPLE PUE!!



GETTING THE CAT IN THE CARRIER

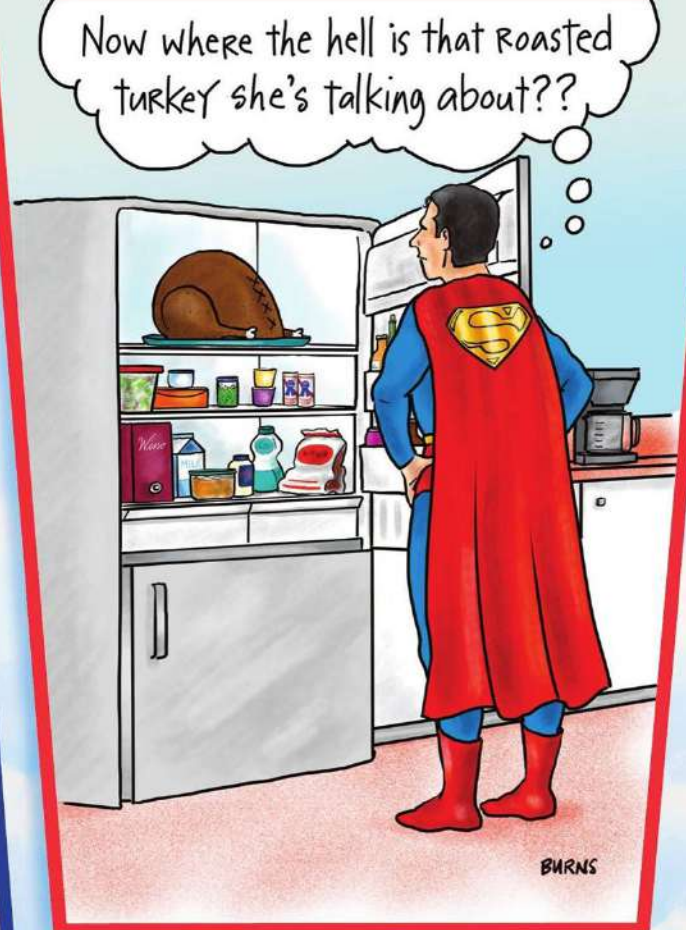


WRITER & ARTIST TERESA BURNS PARKHURST

FLOSSING REGULARLY



FINDING STUFF IN THE FRIDGE

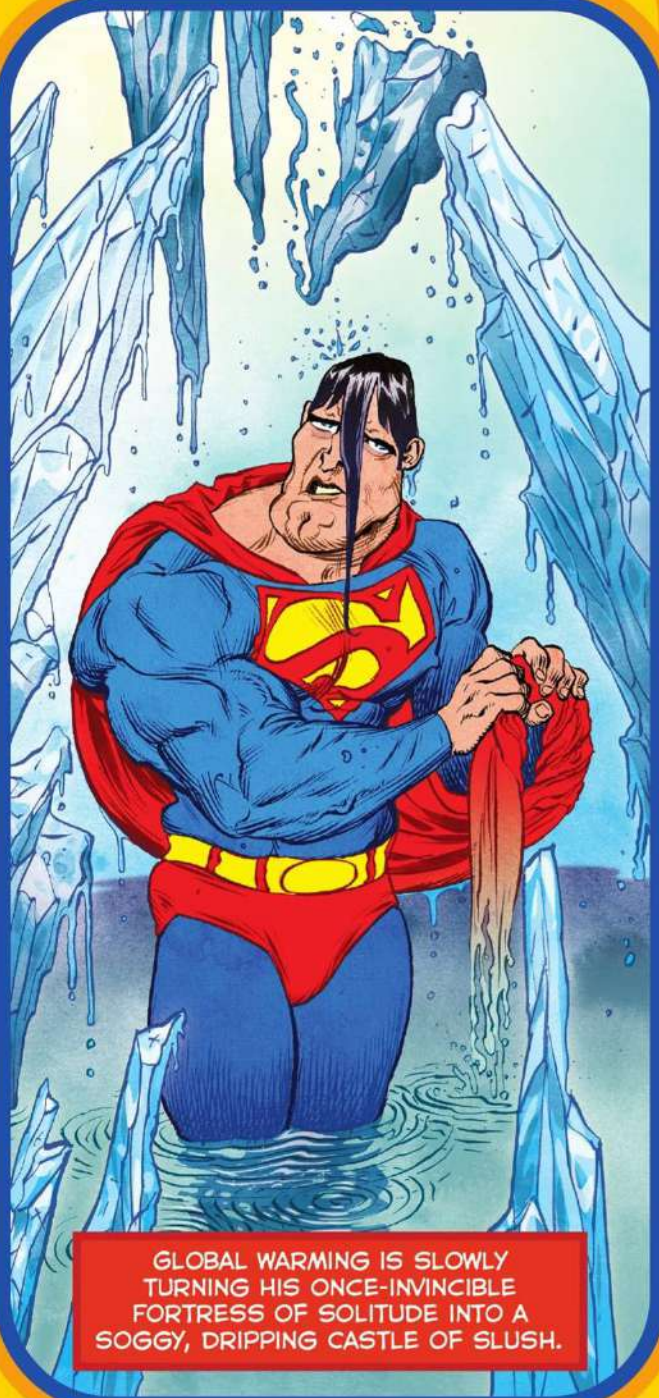




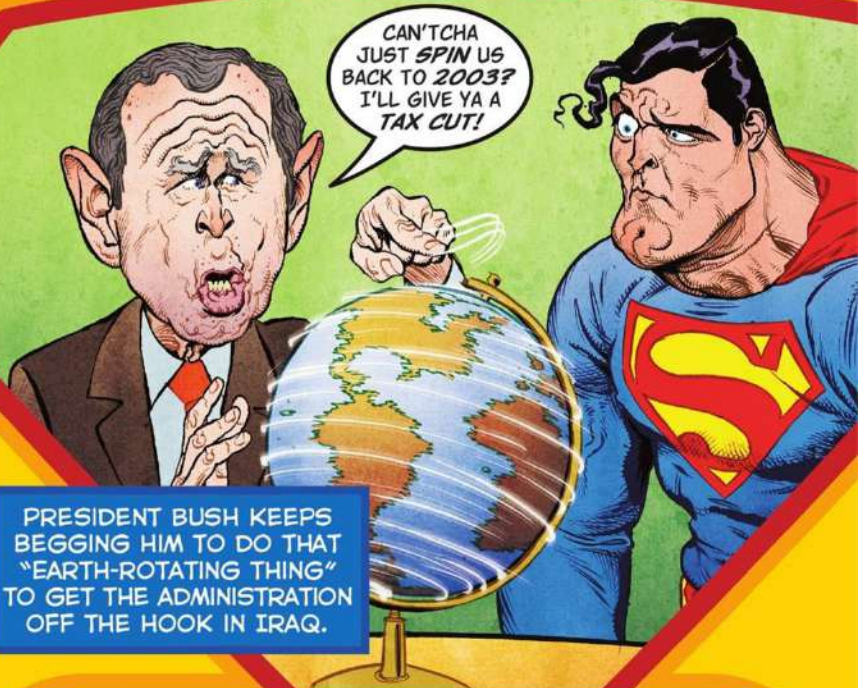
TRUTH, JUSTICE, AND THE AMERICAN OY VEY DEPT.

WHEN *SUPERMAN IV* WAS RELEASED IN 1987, ITS SHEER CRAPPINESS ALL BUT ENSURED THAT THE SUPERMAN FRANCHISE HAD FINALLY BEEN BEATEN TO DEATH. BUT TWENTY YEARS LATER, HOLLYWOOD HAS HEROICALLY RESPONDED TO THE TRAGIC LACK OF COMIC BOOK FLICKS BY REVIVING THE CORNY HERO. UNFORTUNATELY FOR SUPERMAN, MUCH HAS CHANGED IN THE WORLD SINCE HIS LAST FLIGHT. FOR STARTERS, CONSIDER THESE...

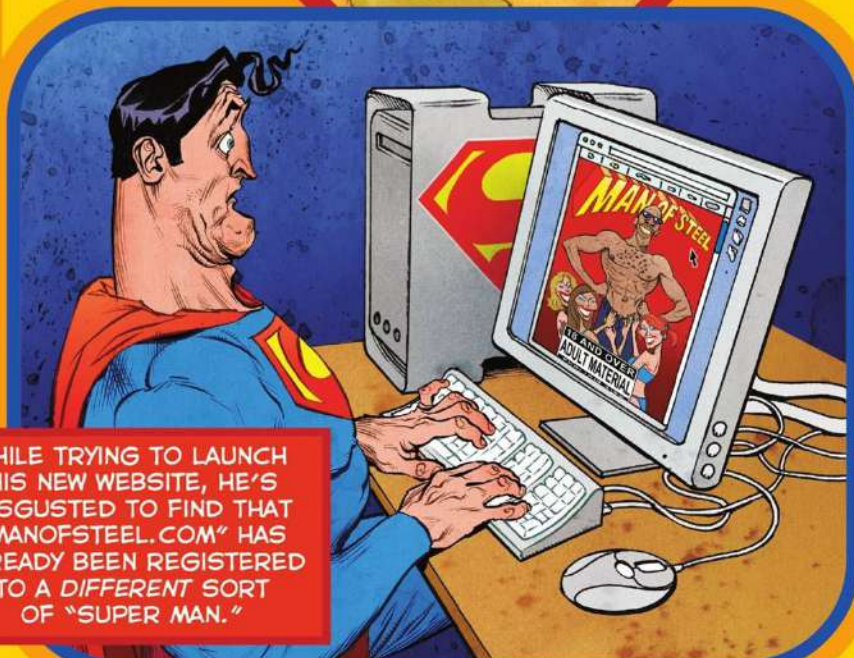
MODERN HASSLES SUPERMAN WOULD FACE IF HE REALLY RETURNED



GLOBAL WARMING IS SLOWLY TURNING HIS ONCE-INVINCIBLE FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE INTO A SOGGY, DRIPPING CASTLE OF SLUSH.



PRESIDENT BUSH KEEPS BEGGING HIM TO DO THAT "EARTH-ROTATING THING" TO GET THE ADMINISTRATION OFF THE HOOK IN IRAQ.



WHILE TRYING TO LAUNCH HIS NEW WEBSITE, HE'S DISGUSTED TO FIND THAT "MANOFSTEEL.COM" HAS ALREADY BEEN REGISTERED TO A DIFFERENT SORT OF "SUPER MAN."

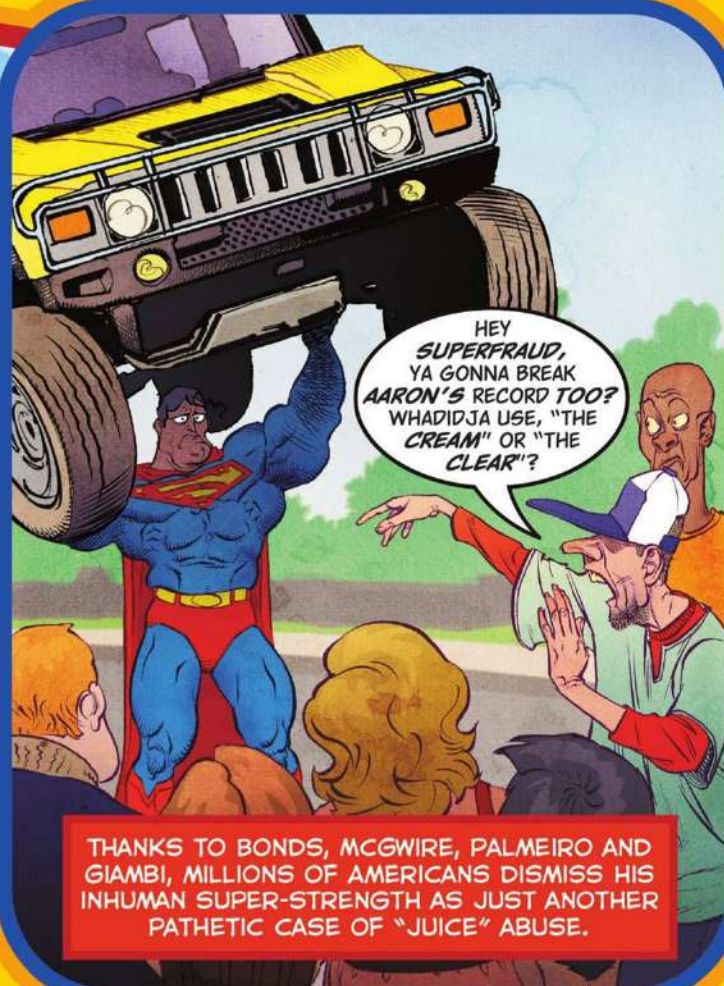
WRITER JACOB LAMBERT
ARTIST HERMANN MEJIA

CONSIDERING THE SORRY STATE OF AMTRAK, CALLING HIMSELF "MORE POWERFUL THAN A LOCOMOTIVE" IS KIND OF LIKE BOASTING ABOUT BEING "SMARTER THAN K-FED."

ATTENTION, PASSENGERS. DUE TO AN ELECTRIC MALFUNCTION, THIS TRAIN IS BEING PULLED OUT OF SERVICE.



HEY SUPERFRAUD, YA GONNA BREAK AARON'S RECORD TOO? WHADIDJA USE, "THE CREAM" OR "THE CLEAR"?



THANKS TO BONDS, MCGWIRE, PALMEIRO AND GIAMBI, MILLIONS OF AMERICANS DISMISS HIS INHUMAN SUPER-STRENGTH AS JUST ANOTHER PATHETIC CASE OF "JUICE" ABUSE.

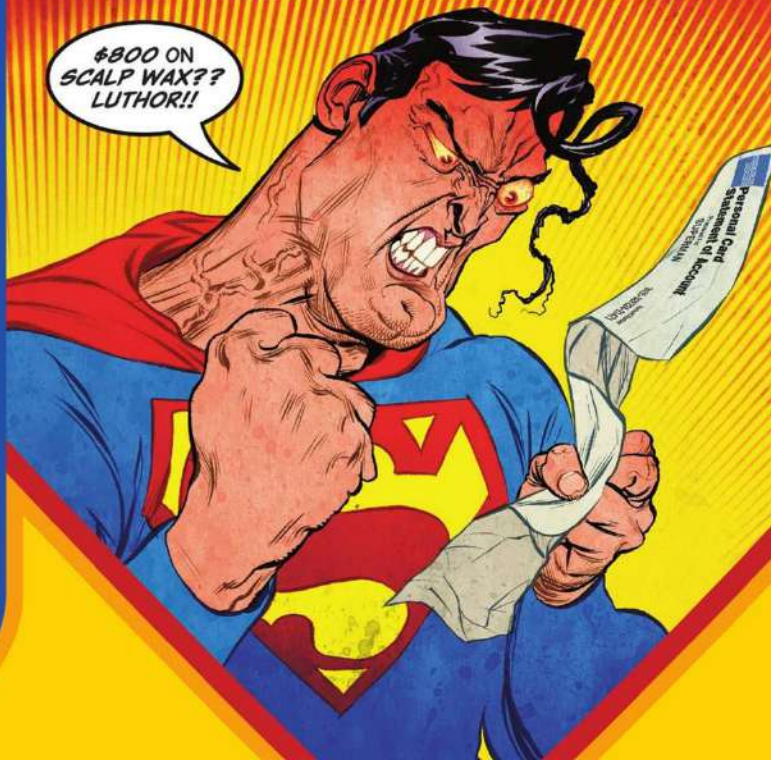
IS IT TRUE, SUPERMAN, THAT YOU DID NOT OBTAIN THE PROPER WARRANTS BEFORE YOU SO FLAGRANTLY SPIED ON THE PERSONS IN QUESTION?



THE ACLU IS CONSTANTLY DRAGGING HIM INTO COURT OVER THE USE OF HIS "INVASIVE AND UNLAWFUL" X-RAY VISION.

LEX LUTHOR NO LONGER TRIES TO DESTROY SUPERMAN OUTRIGHT, INSTEAD CONCENTRATING ON THE MUCH SAFER AND FAR MORE PROFITABLE CRIME OF IDENTITY THEFT.

\$800 ON SCALP WAX?? LUTHOR!!





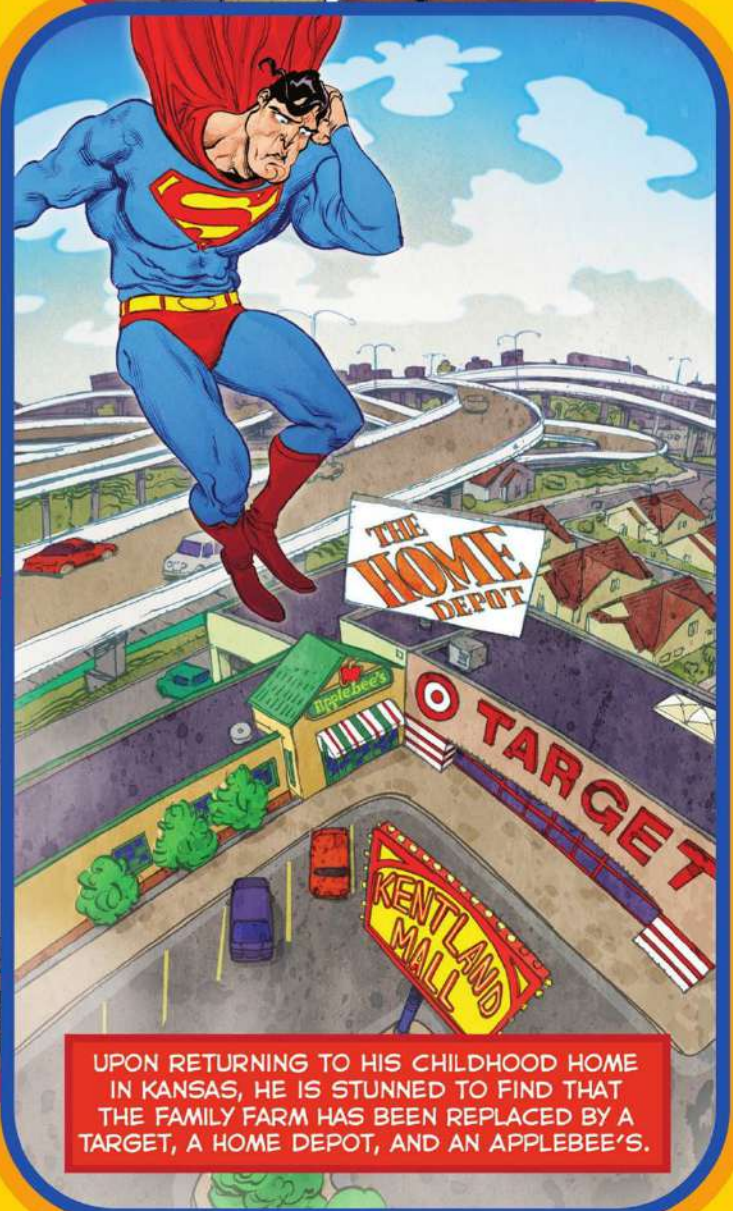
IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO LOOK AS ETERNALLY YOUTHFUL AS CLARK, LOIS HAS BEEN MORE "NIPPED AND TUCKED" THAN JACKO AND JOAN RIVERS COMBINED.



THE POST-9/11 "NO-FLY ZONE" OVER METROPOLIS MEANS THAT HE'S CONSTANTLY GETTING SHOT AT BY EMERGENCY-DEPLOYED NAVY JETS.



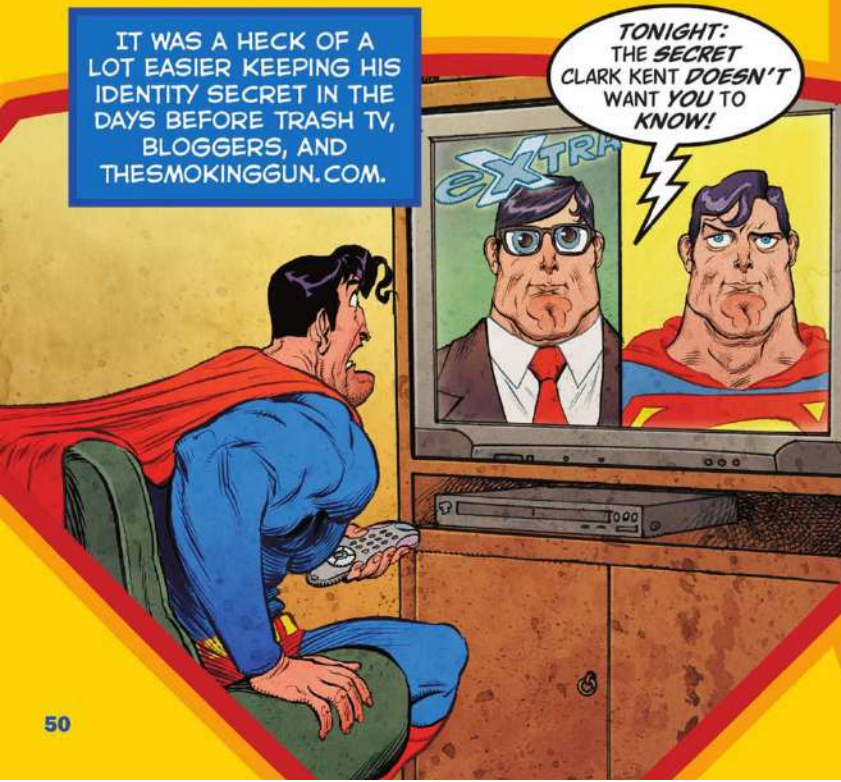
SO, CLARK, HOW DO YOU LIKE THE NEW ME?



UPON RETURNING TO HIS CHILDHOOD HOME IN KANSAS, HE IS STUNNED TO FIND THAT THE FAMILY FARM HAS BEEN REPLACED BY A TARGET, A HOME DEPOT, AND AN APPLEBEE'S.

IT WAS A HECK OF A LOT EASIER KEEPING HIS IDENTITY SECRET IN THE DAYS BEFORE TRASH TV, BLOGGERS, AND THE SMOKING GUN.COM.

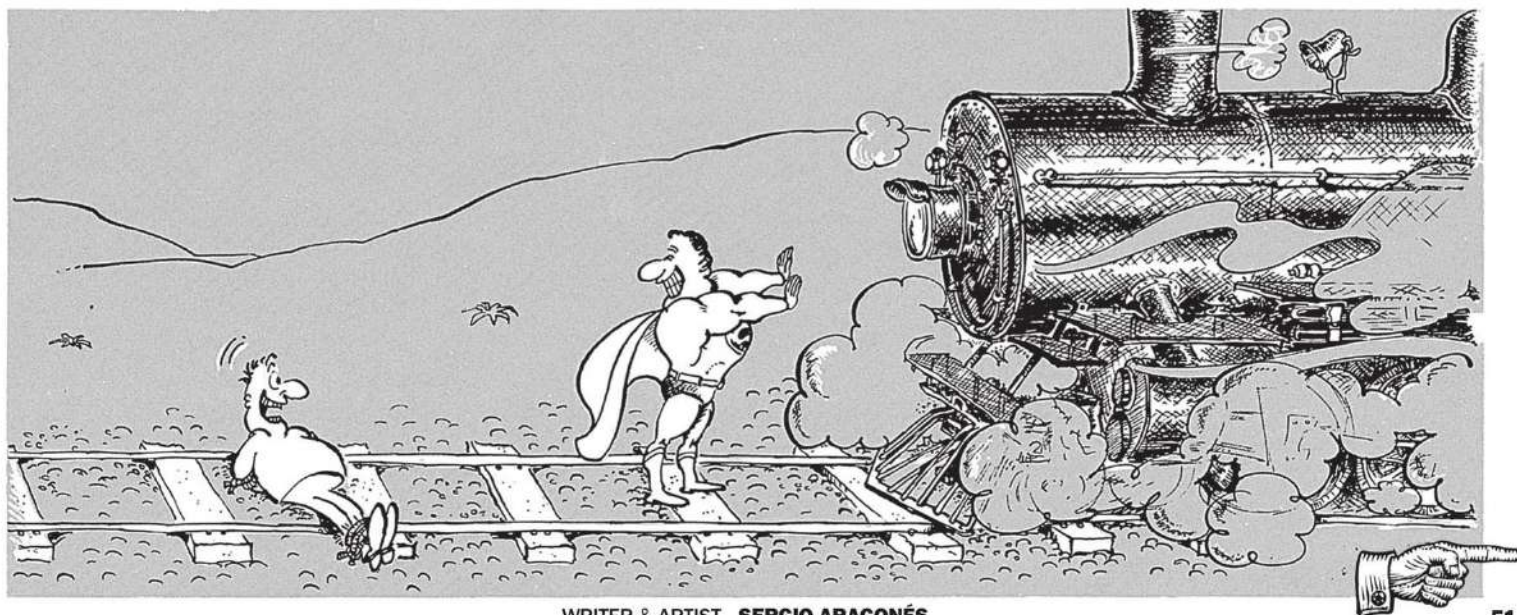
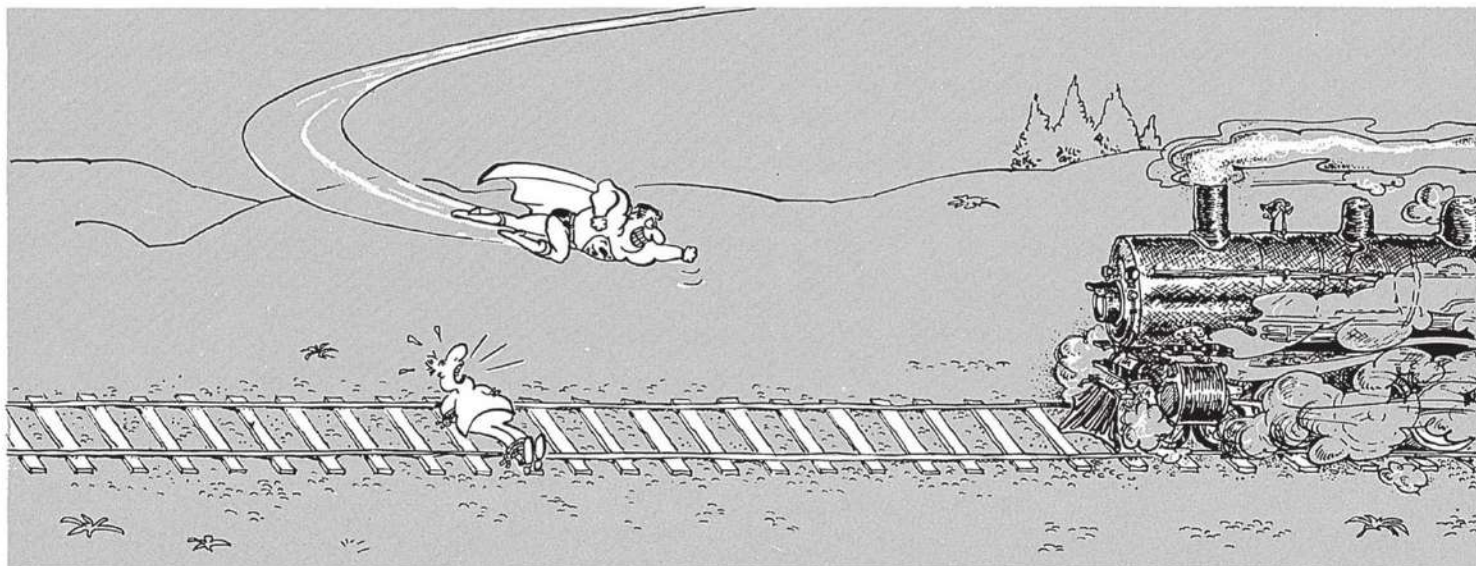
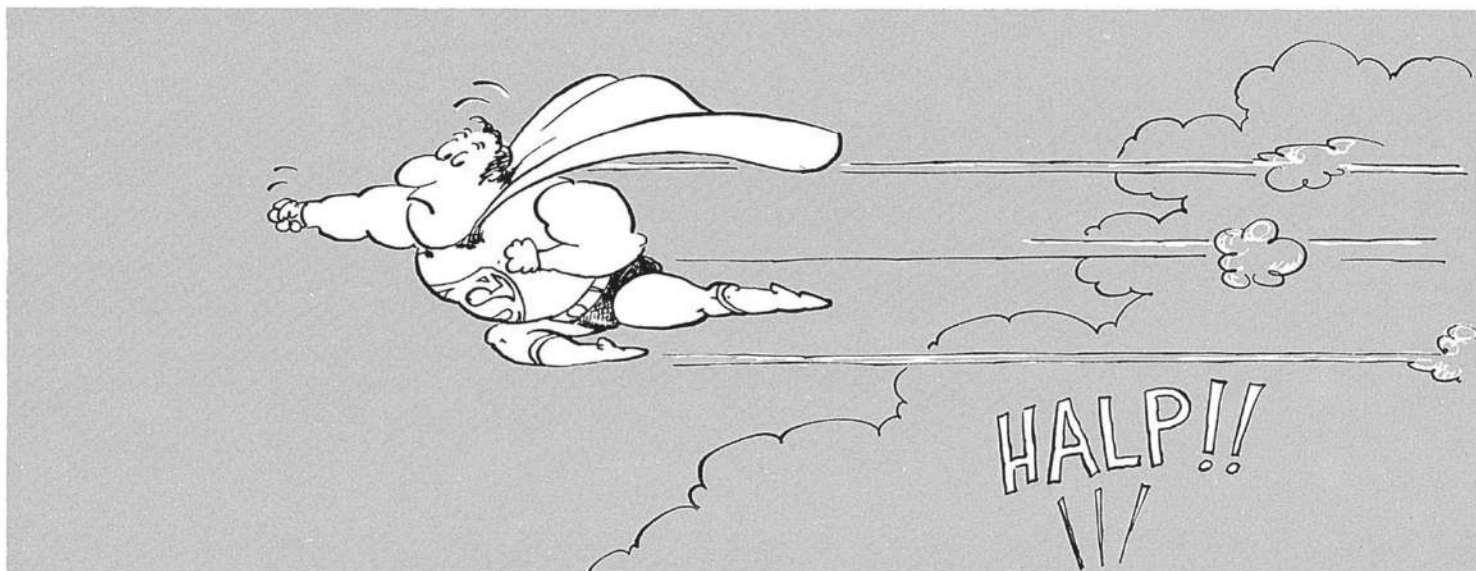
TONIGHT: THE SECRET CLARK KENT DOESN'T WANT YOU TO KNOW!





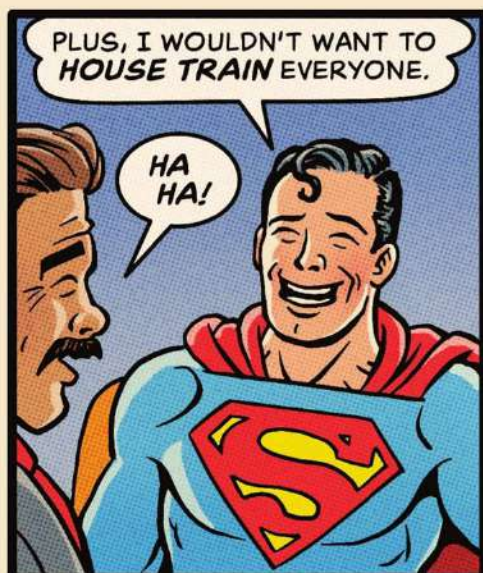
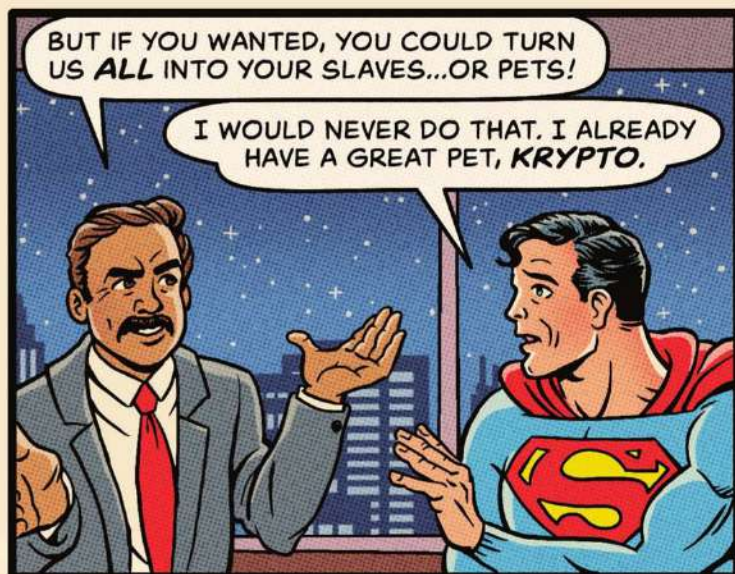
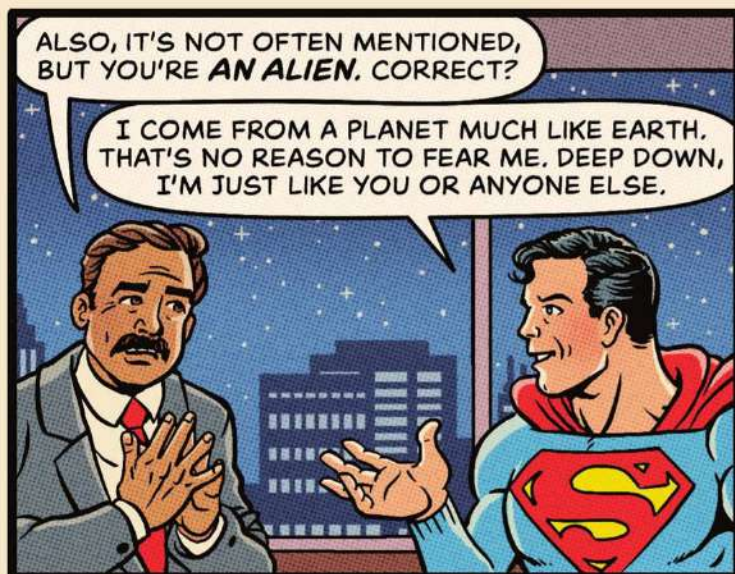
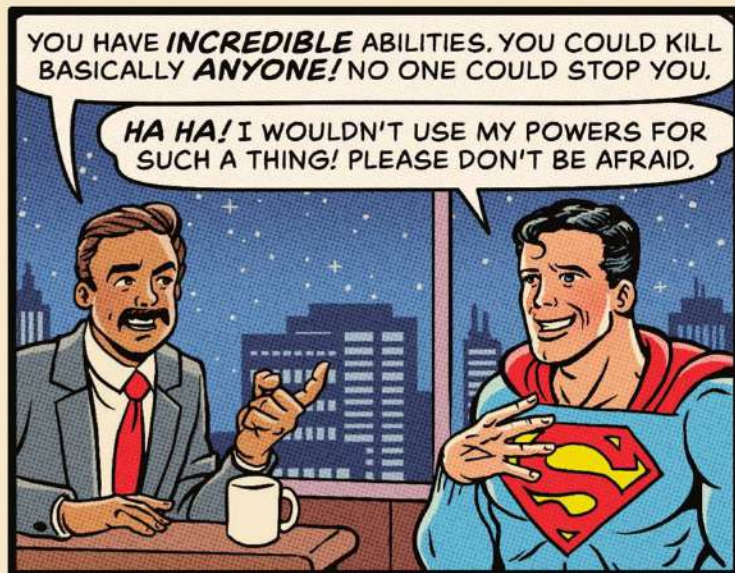
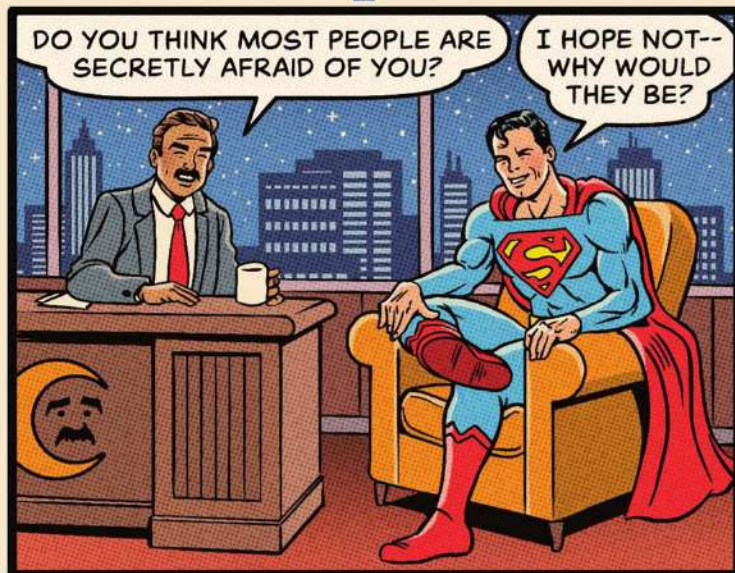
FROM "SUPE" TO NUTS DEPT.

MORE POWERFUL THAN A LOCOMOTIVE...



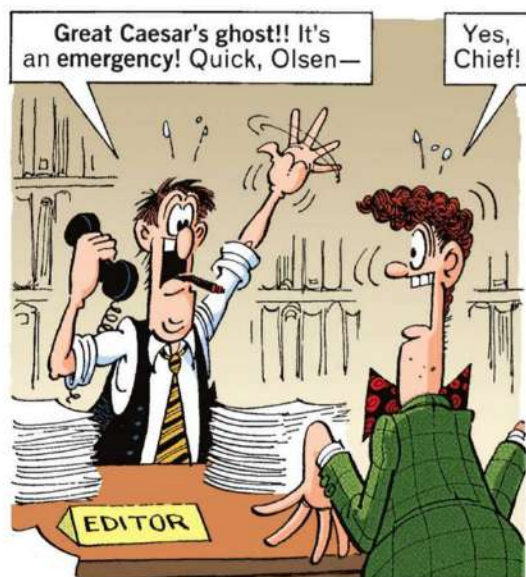
WRITER & ARTIST **SERGIO ARAGONÉS**

LIVE from METROPOLIS

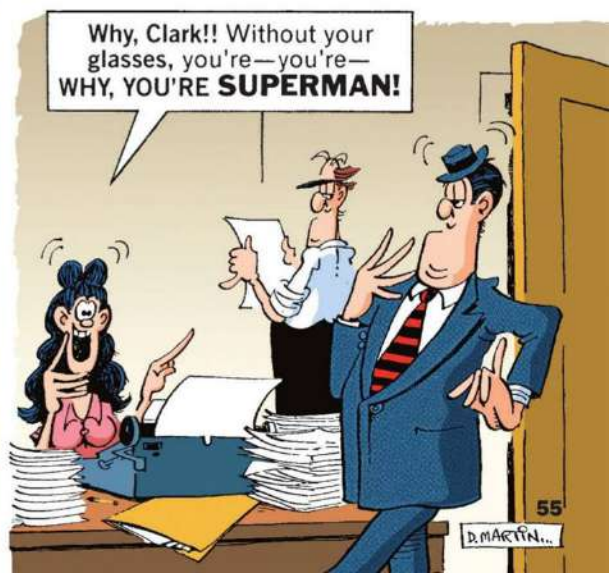


ERMAN

WRITER DON "DUCK" EDWING ARTIST DON MARTIN COLORIST JENNIFER BARKER OF SNO CONE STUDIOS



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #208, JUL 1979



SUGAR & MADNESS

A chat with Andrew Fuller, celeb-baker from Netflix's *Is It Cake?*, owner of Sugar Freakshow, and longtime MAD fan. Watch him hack into the MAD cake he made by going to @sugarfreakshow or @mad.magazine on Instagram.

What are your earliest MAD memories?

I was a weirdo even as a kid, and I didn't have many friends. So I'd often walk to the corner market alone to buy candy and MAD. Sometimes I'd steal the candy so I could afford the MAD.

So MAD and sugar have always been linked for you.

Always. It's a match made in heaven. And just as MAD parodies pop culture, my cakes parody everyday things.

Why else has the magazine been so meaningful to you?

Growing up, I was so afraid of being seen or made fun of. But MAD was always off-kilter, and it reminded me that being individual is actually the way to go—and that it's okay to not take everything seriously and to laugh at the world and its darkness.

Besides the Alfred E. Neuman "cookie jar" cake, what's the maddest cake you've ever made?

I did a human-placenta cake for a delivery nurse that "bled" raspberry. It looked so real, the guy at the hospital front desk said, "You can't bring biohazards through here." And for the *Wednesday* premiere, I made a hyperrealistic cake of Thing, who, like Alfred, is iconic. (And it led to me meeting Tim Burton.)

So what does Alfred taste like?

He's banana flavored, because comedy makes me think of slipping on banana peels; he's a little acidic and tart, with the "green slime" frosting; and he tastes fun, thanks to Pop Rocks.

Editor's Note: He was delicious.



ARTWORK: TOM RICHMOND
PHOTOS: PAULA SEVENBERGEN

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LOOK, UP IN
THE SKY! IT'S
A BIRD! IT'S A
PLANE! IT'S...

HERE WE GO WITH AN ALL-NEW **MAD FOLD-IN**

The world is on fire, and we're supposed to believe that this supercharged idiot is going to save the day? There's something else in the air, and it only seems to be making things worse. To see what it is, fold as shown at right.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT

B

FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



A RAGING FIREBALL ILLUMINATES THE CITY SKY-
LINE. ITS CAUSE IS UNCLEAR—AN ERRANT ROCK-
ET? ASTEROID? U.F.O.? WHO CAN SAY? FEARING
THE WORST, THE PEOPLE ARE ONLY MOMEN-
TARILY RELIEVED, THEN CHEERS TURN INTO SCOFFS.

A

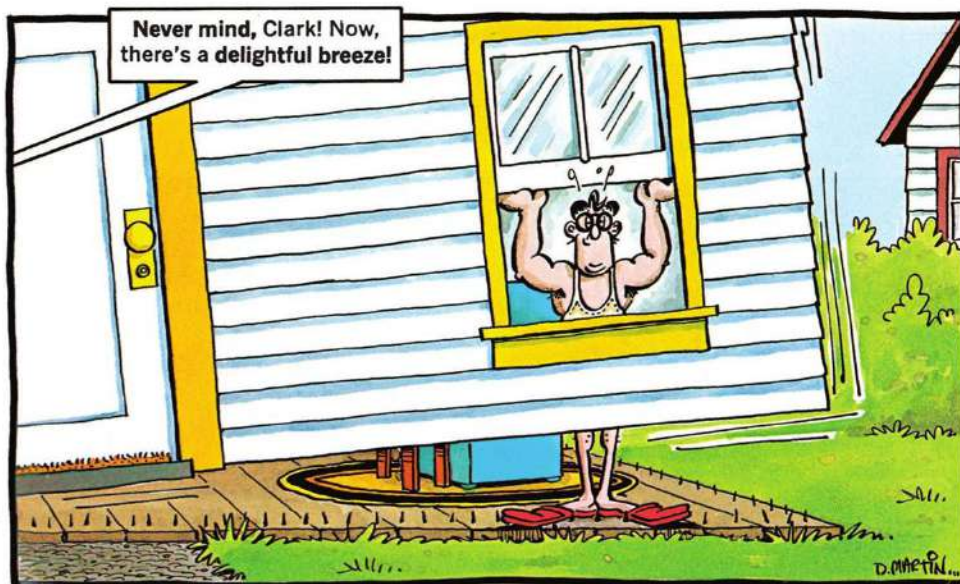
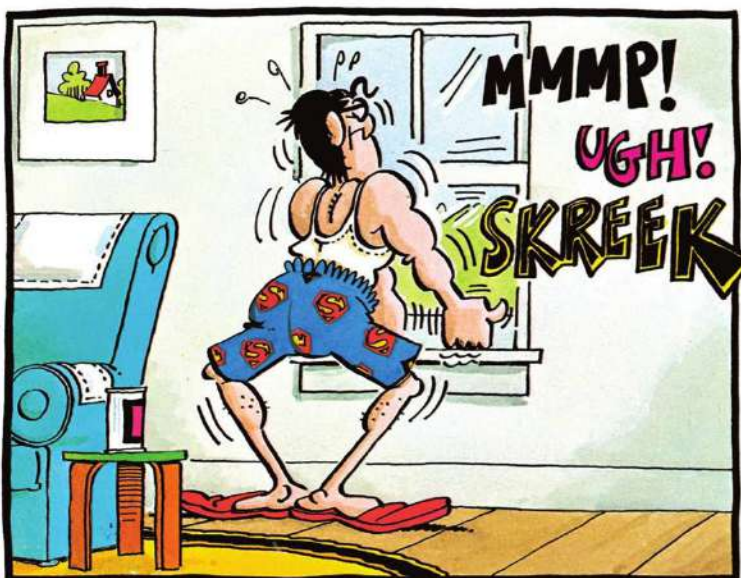
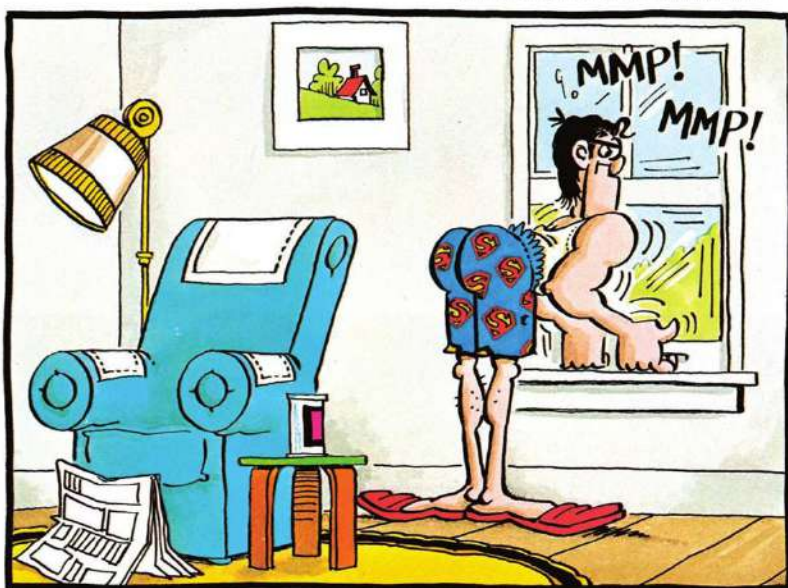
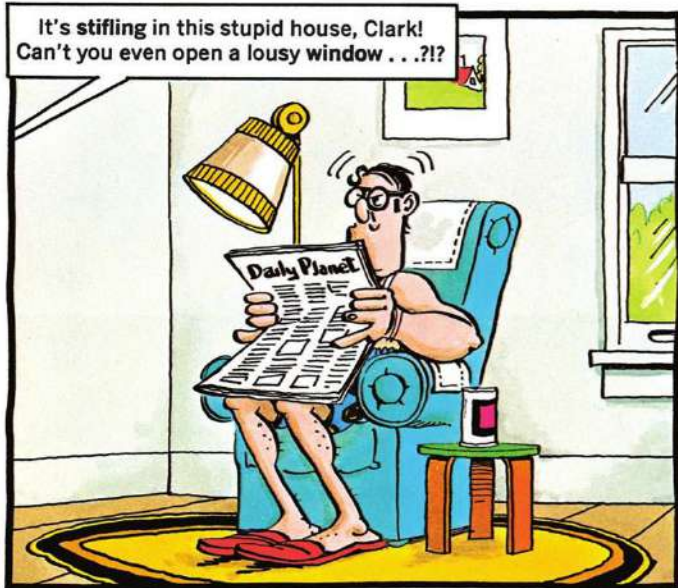
WRITER & ARTIST **JOHNNY SAMPSON**

B

ONE DAY IN METROPOLIS

WRITER & ARTIST DON MARTIN

It's stifling in this stupid house, Clark!
Can't you even open a lousy window...?!?



LOOK, UP IN
THE SKY! IT'S
A BIRD! IT'S A
PLANE! IT'S...



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!



FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



SKY-
ROCK-
ETING

TARIFFS.

